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DEVOTIONAL SONNETS.

L. B. SEELEY AND SONS, WESTON GREEN,
THAMES DITTON.



Devotional Sonnets

ON

SOME OF THE MOST STRIKING TEXTS

IN THE GOSPELS OF

ST. MATTHEW AND ST. MARK.

BY A MEMBER OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

“Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,”—HOR.

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INTRODUCTORY SONNET.

THRICE welcome, from thy rude-embowering cell,
O contemplation ! Ignorant am I
Where thy calm stealing spirit loves to dwell,
Thou meek forerunner of eternity !
Whether thou ling'rest on the ev'ning breeze,
While plaintive philomela wakes the vale ;
Or lov'st to trace the moonbeam, on the seas,
As slow-departing, peers the distant sail ;
Or, on the nightly vespers borne aloft,
Catchest th' angelic harp's sweet symphonies
Breathing their melody in cadence soft,
Or sounding on the ear God's victories ;
Conduct me to that beatific land,
Where faith's prospective views my thoughts command.

“ And she shall bring forth a son, and thou shalt call his name Jesus : for he shall save his people from their sins.”—MATTH. i. 21.

SPEAK, muse divine ! what infant cradled here
 Within a manger, weak and helpless laid ?
 Is this some houseless child, whose smiling tear
 Would fain engage our sympathetic aid ?—
 Behold the ‘ man of sorrows’, passing by
 With slow-worn pace, among th’ assembled crowd !
 Hark ! did’st thou catch his inmost struggling sigh,
 Whilst quick uprise their mock’ries long and loud ?
 View him extended on th’ accursed tree,
 As drops of blood bedew his worn-out face :
 Say why this aggravated misery ?
 And who, the victim of our fallen race ?
 ’Tis Jesus !—th’ incarnate Son of God ;—
 Who dies to save us from th’ uplifted rod !

“ And they shall call his name Emmanuel, which being interpreted is, God with us.”—MATT. i. 23.

WHILST the faint Christian, thro' life's pilgrimage,
 'Mid cares without, and greater far within,
 Onward proceeding, lives but to engage
 With fresh opponents of besetting sin ;
 How sweet Emmanuel's name !—On Afric's coast
 Where lies the scorching sand, where whirlwinds burst
 Around the toil-worn trav'ller, hear him boast
 Whene'er some spring he finds, t'assuage his thirst.
 Still doubt pervades his path,—to-day supplied,
 The morrow comes, but not the draught's cool taste :
 Pursuit in vain,—his parched drought denied,
 He falls a victim in the faithless waste !
 Not so the Christian—on his narrow way,
 Life's fountain, bless'd Emmanuel, lives from day to day.

“ When they saw the star, they rejoiced with exceeding great joy.”—MATT. ii. 10.

DID eastern sages thankful joy declare
 When Bethlehem's heaven-sent star before them stood ?
 Lending its faithful ray, with ceaseless care,
 To mark the spot where in a manger rude,
 A royal infant lies ! Before his feet,
 See how they suppliant fall with awe profound,
 Presenting costly gold, and spices sweet
 In humble adoration !—Look around,
 My soul, and since that dawn of glimm'ring light
 Has burst to mid-day radiance abroad,
 Ask the world's myriads what their chief delight ?
 Is Jesus all in all, their welcom'd God ?
 Are earth-born joys renounced for His above,
 Supplanted by a faith, which works by love ?

* Bring forth therefore fruits meet for repentance."—MATTH. iii. 8

DOES chaste humility my path attend,
 Working with patience at each trying hour ?
 Or, does my heart revolt at such an end,
 And for its basis build on human power ?
 Does the life-giving word instruct my soul,
 Whilst faith looks up for succour from above ?
 Or, do I choose the worldling's self control,
 And slight the impulse of redeeming love ?
 Do I mourn over nature's ruined state,
 And feel the sting of sin in every pain ;
 Exclaim as sufferings round my prison wait,
 " For me to live is Christ, to die is gain ?"
 Or, self-complacent scorn the Spirit's sword,
 And, God's commands despis'd, still call him, Lord ?

“ And lo, a voice from heaven, saying, This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.”—MATT. iii. 17.

MY soul awake ! Hear'st thou an angel's voice,
 Bursting like music from the realms above ?
 In solemn pause it crowns Jehovah's choice,
 “ Th' uncreated choice of uncreated love ! ”
 The highest heav'ns re-echo loud the theme,
 And God in Christ receives eternal praise ;
 In him all brightness ! See his glories beam,
 Mild and majestic as the coming rays
 Of morn's first sun !—Tell me, my soul, art thou
 With Him delighted whom the Father sent ?
 Mercy and truth embracing, deck his brow—
 No frowns he brings to daunt the penitent—
 But, as a firstling lamb, on Calvary
 He comes to pour his soul in death for thee !

“Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God.”—MATT. iv. 4.

SAID ye that joys in this frail life abound?
 That care and sorrow fly the sparkling bowl?
 Say, what fair region spreads those gifts around,
 What balm so potent as to calm the soul?
 Wealth, pomp, and pow'r, are visions of a day—
 These pass a momentary phantom on;
 Titles and honors promise fair as they,
 The hour of fate draws near, and they are gone.
 And man, the lord of nature's works, must die,
 And he must toil below, and strive to steer
 Safe thro' the tempests of mortality,
 The tide of joys and woes in fix'd career;
 Till he at length, the wish'd for haven gain,
 Where, bright'ning ev'ry face, eternal pleasures reign.

"Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God."—MATT. iv. 7.

MY Lord and God ! I own thy guiding hand
From morn's first dawn, to evening's latest ray :
My soul by thee instructed, takes her stand
Oft at thy footstool low, to watch and pray.
But she was once a wanderer from thy fold,
Her prize was vanity, the world her home ;
In proud rebellion's course her feet were bold,
Awfully verging to the wrath to come.
Then praise, O praise to thy converting grace,
Praise to th' unfailing mercy of my God ;
Creation and redemption's power I'll trace,
Till all my bosom owns love spread abroad.
Experience blest I need no more to prove,
How strong the springs of a Redeemer's love.

“ Then saith Jesus unto him, Get thee hence, Satan . for it is written, Thou shall worship the Lord thy God, and him only shalt thou serve.”—MATT. iv. 10.

DIVINE Exemplar ! blessed Three in One !
 Sad, will I contemplate thy sufferings o’er :—
 And, as I muse, will “ worship thee alone,”
 Whilst tempted here ; till time shall be no more.
 Do riches quickly come with bright display ?
 Do friendship’s soothing bonds unsought appear ?
 These in the storms of life dissolve away,
 And those are transient as the world’s false tear.
 Does Satan promise us the gilded wreath
 Of proud ambition’s brow ? no sooner worn,
 Deluded man must yield his palm in death,
 And all its greenness fade like him forlorn.
 Therefore my soul all fulness draws from thee,
 Great First and Last, to all eternity.

“ Then the devil leaveth him, and, behold, angels came and ministered unto him.”—*MATT. iv. 11.*

BEHOLD “ the man of sorrows ! ” His distress
 How infinite ! beyond conception giv’n—
 Led by the Spirit in the wilderness,
 The tempter meets him, in the face of heav’n !
 What wily stratagems does he present !
 But all in vain. He hastens his retreat,
 And lo th’ angelic host in swift descent
 Arrive, with heav’n’s assistance at his feet.—
 Upheld by faith in him who died to save,
 Pilgrims avail thro’ his redeeming grace,
 To fight the fight of faith, all dangers brave,
 Resist the devil, and his works efface ;
 While guardian angels, harbingers of peace,
 He sends below, and bids the conflict cease.

“ And they straightway left their nets, and followed him.”—

MATT. iv. 20.

Do I obey, with those of old, His call,
 Leaving life's calling for eternity ?
 E'en now to earth those solemn warnings fall,
 “ Your treasures make in heav'n and follow me.”
 Do I deny myself the things of time ?
 Daily, take up my cross with fearless breast ?
 Salvation's Captain on his throne sublime
 Will lead me, more than conqu'ror, to his rest,
 When victory sounds, and warfare is no more !
 The path which here, my blest Exemplar trod,
 Do I pursue ? Oh ! may I love, adore,
 And own his grace, and kiss the chast'ning rod.
 My soul ! “ the Spirit and the Bride say, come : ”
 Plume faith's empyreal wings and reach thy home.

“Blessed are the poor in spirit : for their’s is the kingdom of heaven.”—MATT. v. 3.

MOURNER of Zion ! why these rising fears ?
 Where are the joys thy soul was wont to know ?
 No pilgrim in this vale opaque of tears
 Can journey far, without some source of woe.
 Do Jesu’s sorrows agonize thy breast
 Constraining oft thy humble contrite soul ?
 Or, does the tempter’s dart thy joys infest,
 Active by day and night without controul ?
 Thy lighter cross on earth will shortly cease,
 O welcome end ! which brings divine repose :
 Heav’n’s portals opening wide, wherein is peace,
 Shall greet thy entrance, and its charms disclose ;
 Where blest Emmanuel will unveil thine eyes,
 Within th’ unfading realms of Paradise.

“Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted.”—

MATT. v. 4.

THE mysteries of God who can reveal ?
 His pow'r confirms his triune truth and love ;
 Man's ways are not as his ways. When we feel
 In ev'ry trying hour his hand above,
 When life's tempestuous storms our barks assail,
 And fright our souls from dangers hovering nigh,
 When hope is fled, and human succours fail,
 We hear his voice : “Be not afraid, 'tis I.”
 Of life's vicissitudes whate'er we share
 Laid up with Christ within a Father's breast,
 Faith finds a Canaan—a foretaste fair
 Of happier regions, where the weary rest.
 Where sin and sorrow, hunger, thirst, and pain,
 Afflict no more, but endless pleasures reign.

“Blessed are the meek : for they shall inherit the earth.”—

MATT. V, 5.

THOU gentle pilgrim, what if scenes of strife
Which hourly intervene, perplex thy path ;—
Meekness, the touchstone of the christian’s life,
Will quell, if not prevent, proud Satan’s wrath.
If sweet for bitter thou art wont to give,
Where malice vents her defamation ’round,
Thy pray’r on high will breathe, “O Lord, forgive,”
And where sin dwells, may grace the more abound !
Upright, submissive, teachable, and mild,
Be thine to wait the promis’d rest above :
Live to be call’d thy Father’s blessed child,
And thou shalt feel the beams of heav’nly love,
Guiding thy footsteps thro’ earth’s clouded vale,
Till welcome death conclude life’s finished tale.

“ Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness .
for they shall be filled.”—MATT. v. 6.

WHAT tho' reproach and scorn attend my name,
Because God's love constrains me to disown
The world, with all its pomp and boasting shame,
Its lying vanities and silly frown ;
Still will I hunger, for that food above :
Thirst, for that Fountain which divinely plays :
In trial's hour my heav'nly armour prove,
And tune, when peace is near, my harp to praise.
Should persecution rear his frightful head,
Stalking among the flowers that sweetly grow---
Across life's narrow path, tho' as I tread,
I feel his venom'd sting increase my woe ;
To thee great God ! my troubled soul shall flee,
Thy rod and staff shall always comfort me.

“Blessed are the merciful : for they shall obtain mercy.”—

MATT. V. 7.

MAY I a selfish spirit often bear,
Devoid of sympathy's endearing charm ?
Disown the secret impulse of a tear,
Which lovely kindles in the breast that's warm ?
May I pass through this sorrow-stricken vale,
Behold a brother need a brother's hand,
And yet refuse to hear th' afflictive tale,
Unfolding woe which wrings unknown the land ?
May justice hold a stern and partial sway,
Nor lend her influence, where oppression grows ;
But ills create with havoc and dismay,
Freezing the channel where sweet mercy flows ?
Yes ! but in vain I look for joys above,
If faith's fair blossoms ripen not to love.

“Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God.”—

MATT. v. 8.

IN vain ambition rears its crest on high,
 Or avarice displays its golden store:—
 This, poor provision for eternity :
 That, ne’er survives beyond life’s dangerous shore.
 In vain the fickle pleasures of the world,
 Proffer to man the maddening cup of bliss :
 For soon her sons to judgment will be hurl’d,
 To prove the follies of a world like this.
 But not in vain, to ask the Spirit’s aid
 To glorify Jehovah—and his word
 Obey ; the tears which penitence has paid,
 Shall grow to sheaves of honour to the Lord :
 When the last trump shall call us from the tomb
 And angel voices sound the harvest home.

"Blessed are the peacemakers : for they shall be called the children of God."—MATT. V. 9.

HAPPY are they whose heart and tongue accord,
To follow peace amid earth's scenes of strife !
The glorious Three faith's earnest prayers record,
And watch their progress to the realms of life.
Whilst wars satanic vent their rage abroad,
And streams of blood declare the pride of man ;
What knows he of a peace inspiring God ?
What interest in redemption's wondrous plan ?—
O if the pilgrim has one secret joy,
Which brightest beams within his loving heart,
'Tis when success attends his sweet employ,
The word of peace 'twixt man and man t'impart :
Hearing poor contrite souls in notes of praise,
Devote to Him the remnant of their days.

"Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake
[for their's is the kingdom of heaven,"—MATT. v. 10.

BLEST pilgrims of the great "I AM," I ween
Your hopes and fears appear to know no end :
Yet oh when daily trials intervene,
Daily draw strength from your unchanging Friend !
Once on "the man of sorrows," here below,
Ingratitude cast forth its slanderous breath,
One deep unvaried scene of bitt'rest woe
Pursued his life, till sufferings clos'd in death !
And is the servant greater than his Lord ?
Go, fainting pilgrims, go to Calvary's height,
When persecution draws her blood-stain'd sword,
Thence fetch the shield and breastplate for the fight.
Patient endure ! though countless hosts shall stand,
Conquering 'tis your's to enter Canaan's land.

“Ye are the light of the world.”—MATT. v. 14.

How sweet, when journeying through life's wilderness,
Where sin's dark cloud in murky form appears ;
To meet some light, mid sorrow's deep distress,
To guide us into day : where doubts and fears
Shall vanish at our harps' soft harmony.

Blest stars ! sole radiance of this darkling sphere,
Reflected from the Lord's light-giving eye ;
Emit his rays, between the smile and tear,
And let them shining point to him above.
Shine on, until that perfect endless day,
When faith and hope shall yield to brighter love,
And all besides to nothing pass away.

Then shall ye mount beyond the star-pav'd sky,
Planets, that deck his heav'n throughout eternity.

“Think not that I am come to destroy the law, or the prophets :
I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.”—MATT. v. 17.

HAIL condescending Surety ! it is meet
To prove what were thy terms to ransom man :
The moral law by thee fulfill'd, how sweet,
How grateful to the soul, redemption's plan !
But resting all on thee, can I the while
Recline my limbs within life's perfum'd bow'r,
The morn of youth, and eve of age beguile
In sin, enslav'd by satan's thralling pow'r ;
And then deceitful say, “ thy kingdom come ? ”
The thought forbid ! may thy preventing grace,
Daily, this darksome temple re-illumine,
That faith may see the beamings of thy face,
And patient following thee, Exemplar dear !
Fulfil the work to man appointed here.

“Swear not at all.”—MATT. V. 34.

GOD of Sabaoth, awe-creating name !
What pilgrim trembles not to speak of thee !
And yet in prayer, how oft thy Spirit's flame
Cheers the faint soul, and makes the suppliant free.
But hark ! amid the walk of busy life,
Thy sacred name, a by-word, grates my ears :
Rash man confirms the petty things of strife
With oath, from which th' archangel's tongue forbears.
Yes, as I pass between the youthful train,
Where harmless brows the guilty heart beguile,
Oh dreadful thought ! I hear thy name in vain
In borrow'd language, given with a smile :
“ Jesus,” they cry !—first entrance to the road,
Which tramples under foot the Son of God.

“He maketh his sun to rise on the evil, and on the good.”—
 MATT. V. 45.

SWEET is the retrospective glance at days
 Which gave us once delight ! 'tis sweet to hie
 At eve, where the lone rivulet conveys
 Its rippling stream : beneath some oak to lie,
 Viewing the golden chambers of the west.
 Sweet are the varying seasons of the year,
 Sweet to the trav'ler faint, the bed of rest :
 'Tis sweet to prove we have a friend, whose tear
 Is ever prompt to soothe us : sweet to roam
 The smiling meadows, when pale sickness flies :
 Sweet is the welcome to our native home,
 Sweet social converse, when life's troubles rise :
 But sweeter far, the rays from heav'n that move,
 Diffusing through the world Emmanuel's love !

“If ye love them which love you, what reward have ye ? do not even the publicans the same ?”—MATT. v. 46.

CHRISTIANS awake ! shall this world's modell'd plan
 Your standard be, against Christ crucified ?
 Those gifts alone which you receive from man,
 Render ye back, whilst others are denied ?
 Is it your boast to be by none outrun
 In pompous deeds of worldly charity—
 Yet heedless pass ye penitence begun,
 Which claims in vain your tender sympathies ?
 Be your's, “the perfect law of liberty.”
 Your's, e'en to love the murderous hate of those
 Who curse : in you a Saviour's love should be.
 Men cannot rob you heav'n, where deathless grows
 Immortal joy : then breathe the pray'r, “Forgive,”
 That they with you in Christ may always live.

“Take heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven.”—MATT. vi. 1.

HAVE I my substance given to the poor,
 With cheerfulness according to my might?
 Or, does distress in vain await my door,
 E'en though content to have “the widow’s mite?”
 Do I a liberal hand bestow on all,
 Supplying ev’ry want and will, made known?
 Or does neglect attend the needful call,
 And special claims alone my notice own:
 Does a right principle of sacred love
 My charity call forth, where’er ’tis found?
 Or these best actions would they proudly prove,
 How low the scales of merit hasten down,
 Daily receiving praise from mortals giv’n,
 And shutting out the glory due to heav’n?

“Your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him.”—MATT. vi. 8.

THY omnipresence, gracious King of kings !
 Pervades heav'n, earth, and seas, above, below.
 Omniscience thine ! all good and wicked things
 Are known—the grateful hymn, the song of woe.
 Thy dread omnipotence, its majesty
 Displays upon the whirlwind and the storm !
 Yet in the cloud, the sign of promise nigh,
 Proclaims thy mercy, calms the soul's alarm.
 What if perplexities my heart engage,
 And doubts mysterious before me stand
 To-day, to-morrow comes, yet not t' assuage
 But darken still my hopes, with sorrow's band :
 Give me in peace thy providence t' adore,
 And own a Father's hand—I ask no more.

“ Our Father.”—MATT. vi. 9.

AND may the children of a sinful race,
Conceiv'd and born in sin, thee, Father call ?
Approach thy high and holy dwelling-place ;
Where thou art life, and light, and all in all ?
O love divine, ineffable ! For this
The “ man of sorrows ” sojourned here on earth,
Sealing, with his most precious blood, such bliss
For mortal man ; who by the second birth
Should his disciple prove. Make grace abound,
Great God, in us : its influence sweetly shed,
Soft as the nightly dews, which on the ground
Revive the buried fruits tho' seeming dead.
That living, we our tribute e'er may raise,
And breathe in life's last quiv'ring accent, praise !

“ Which art in heaven.”—MATT. vi. 9.

OH omnipresent virtue of my God,
What spot confesses not thy sovereignty !
Nature, where human footstep never trod,
Proclaims from pole to pole thy majesty
At sea or land, around, above, below.
And we, thy workmanship, perceive thy hand
Dispensing love and grace, where'er we go.
Then what can thy heart-searching eye withstand ?
Yet earth is but thy footstool, heaven's thy throne :
There all thy glories shine, and at thy side,
Jesus prevails and intercedes alone
For man apostate ; in whose stead he died.—
O may we fly from earth, and soar above,
To taste the full fruition of thy love.

“Hallowed be thy name”—Matt. vi. 9.

OMNIPOTENT Jehovah ! may thy name
 Blessed for ever, daily be made known.
 Quick as the sparks fly upward from the flame,
 May grace arise from nations long unknown
 To thee ! May it receive love unrestrain'd,
 And fervent adoration ev'ry hour ;
 Till nature's voice, combin'd with man's unfeign'd,
 Shall glorify thy all-creating pow'r !
 Vouchsafe to thy cross-bearing pilgrims, Lord,
 Thy influential Spirit on their way :
 While faith directs their footsteps Zion-ward,
 And strength be given them to watch and pray.
 Earth soon shall teem with incense of their praise,
 And heaven be fill'd with their eternal lays.

"Thy kingdom come."—MATT. vi. 10.

WATCHFUL the prince of darkness walks abroad,
Ensnaring men with his oblivious bait :
Lull'd by his potion, they forget their God,
And on dark mountains miss the straighten'd gate !
Amid the direful havoc open laid,
What thrilling scenes appal faith's conscious breast !
To sin's dread power, he sees allegiance paid,
And willing slaves await his stern behest.
O for thy kingdom, gracious God ! within,
O chain us with the fetters of thy love,
To prize thy service : make us free from sin !
Thus drawn from earth, our hearts will soar above.
Widely thy rule diffuse abroad, at home,
While morn and night we pray, "Thy kingdom come."

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."—MATT. vi. 10.

Most gracious God ! how shall thy fallen race,
Thy will perform, as done in courts above ?
Or resignation show in ev'ry case,
Whene'er probation's cares our passions move ?
Give us, Emmanuel, of thy grace divine,
Thy love constraining, can we disobey ?
Trimmed by that oil, our lamps will sweetly shine,
And guide us joyful to eternal day !
Trials await thy lonely pilgrims here,
And thorns abound among life's flowers that blow ;
Too quickly starts from smiles of peace, the tear.
Yet in the darkness of severest woe,
In ev'ry dispensation, through thy Son,
We would adoring cry, " Thy will be done."

“Give us this day our daily bread.”—**MATT.** vi. 11.

SHEPHERD of Israel ! as in times of old
Thy manna did enrich the wilderness ;
So daily give, unto thy remnant-fold
Like sustenance, and all our doings bless.
While in the path of duty, we present
Our prayer, and thy parental mercy crave ;
To cast our care on thee will bring content,
And crown with heav’n’s chief blessing all we have.
And when upon thy bounty we are fed,
Receiving more than a sufficiency ;
Ne’er may we be regardless of the bread
Of life, our staff throughout eternity.
Increase our souls with thine eternal grace,
Hungering and thirsting after righteousness.

"And forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors."—
MATT. vi, 12.

MIGHTY Creator of a spotless race !
How may transgressors from the dust arise ?
O who shall our rebellious deeds efface,
Reclaim our wanderings from lost Paradise !
From early morn till vesper's closing hour,
We fall, from year to year, and day to day,
Yet while the flesh uprears its giant power,
Thy watchful Spirit curbs its iron sway.
For this, thy only Son his ransom'd life
Poured out to death, for nature's ruin'd fall :
For this, may we withdraw from scenes of strife,
And him exemplary on earth recal :
Forgiving freely those He once forgave,
And seal our constancy within the grave.

“ And lead us not into temptation.”—MATT. vi. 13.

UNERRING Providence ! whose virtuous sway
Thy humble servants gratefully would own ;
May thy mysterious dealings ne’er dismay,
But rather draw us nearer to thy throne.
Spotless thou art, and we, by nature dead
In sin original, our state bewail.
Be therefore to us Priest, and King, and Head,
We need thy daily aid, amid life’s vale.
Oft as we meet satanic snares abroad
Arranged and guarded by the tempter’s power ;
May we confide in thee, our triune God,
And prove thy help in that important hour.
Leave us, O leave us not in sin to rove,
Our feet prevent with thy constraining love.

“ But deliver us from evil.”—MATT. vi. 13.

FROM darts satanic o'er creation hurled,
Heralds of woe to thousands far and near ;
From the gay flattering follies of the world,
Where hid beneath, the false delusive tear
Springs up, quick as the April bursting shower
When nature smiles in her own loveliness ;
From foes without, and their malignant power ;
From that unlook'd-for enemy, no less
The guileful heart ; from thy avenging wrath,
And all the enticements of besetting sin ;
From the dread terrors of approaching death,
Deliver us good Lord ! we fain would win
By prayer thy blood-bought influence on our way,
Therefore, before thy footstool watch and pray.

“For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever.”—MATT. vi, 13.

OF what importance are the things of time,
 If death exclude them from th’ undying soul?
 Faith therefore waits thy kingdom, Lord sublime,
 Where endless pleasures shall ethereal roll
 In bliss immeasurable. Satan now
 Dims her rapt gaze with clouds, each passing hour,
 Success awhile may crown th’ apostate’s brow,
 Till bursts resplendent thy redeeming power,
 Within yon blue expanse ; then Hope’s meek eye
 In awful contemplation looks above ;
 Where thou dost sit enthron’d in majesty,
 Earth’s Sovereign Lord, and Heaven’s sufficient love :
 Till in the flames of that celestial fire
 Both Faith and Hope matur’d, at last expire.

“Lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven.”—MATT. vi. 20.

PILGRIMS on earth, and citizens of heaven !

“Your lives consist not in the things ye hold : ”

Your “daily bread,” by Jesu’s goodness given,

Is sure, your treasure richer far than gold.

This night, should you be summon’d hence away,

It is not your’s, to weep for treasures lost ;

Tis your’s to shout, when at the coming day

Heaven’s blood-bought prize shall be your endless boast.

By faith and prayer, may ye each hour abound

In offices of love, with grateful hearts ;

Your actions proving, ye the Lord have found :

Dead to the world’s restraint and wily arts—

Glory in him, whose riches are in store,

When wealth, and pomp, and power, shall rear their crest

no more.

“Ye cannot serve God and mammon.”—MATT. vi. 24.

DOES mammon bind me in his wretched thrall,
Blinding my eyes with perishable store ?
Or, is the mighty God my all in all,
Whose endless treasures flourish more and more ?
Am I borne down on fashion's glitt'ring tide,
Setting my best affections here below ;
Or do I love, by Calvary's mournful side,
To sing His cross, from whence true pleasures flow ?
Does this vain world my daily thoughts engross,
Whilst self predominant reigns uncontroll'd ?
Or do I count all earthly things but loss,
To know Christ crucified, his cause uphold ;
The one thing needful, my own darling theme,
Whilst time appears a shadow or a dream ?

“Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow.”—MATT. vi. 28.

FAR from the busy haunts of life, how sweet
The fragrant fields to roam, where beauties reign !
There viewless lilies blow, resemblance meet,
Of faith's secluded blossoms, which disdain
Man's eye, and perfume unobserv'd the land.
Behold their hues, their unadorn'd attire !
How they defy the work of mortal hand,
Whilst God shines in them with resistless fire.
Shall I, since things inanimate are his,
Mistrust his goodness, or his truth impeach ?
What though estrang'd from earth's Hyblean bliss,
And hope but sickens, what it cannot reach ;
Fain will I own his providential care,
Who knows what time to answer secret prayer.

“ Seek ye first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness.”—

MATT. vi. 33.

As each revolving hour the sands of life
Urge on, what motives do my course arrest ?
Do I, amid its sublunary strife,
Seek first God's blessing, and his promis'd rest ?
Does living faith, on eagle's wings ascend,
Clothed in his righteousness so freely given ?
Does his abounding grace on me descend,
Supplanting what may bar my way to heaven ?
Do these, and others, first my heart engage,
To know nought else but Jesus crucified ?
Or does th' arch-rebel all my fears assuage,
Suggesting hope, for whom he never died !
Whilst mind and soul repose on things terrene,
I seek him last, at death's momentous scene ?

“Judge not, that ye be not judged.”—MATT. vii. 1.

CENSORIOUS man ! in all things know thyself.
 Who thee a ruler made, so blind withal ?
 Hear'st thou the awful voice of God himself ?
 “Judge not ; lest like thy neighbour thou may'st fall :
 Whilst thou behold'st within a brother's eye
 The dark'ning mote, blinded has thine, the same ?
 Does his down-falling elevate on high
 Thy crest of righteousness ? (notorious shame !)
 How beautiful the souls of those below,
 Who love to sooth the tribulated heart,
 Where deep repentance works its weight of woe !
 Their blessed labours peace and joy impart :
 Such fruitful works redound to God above,
 Reflecting, as the moon, Emmanuel's flame of love.

“All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them.”—MATT. vii. 12.

IF Providence benign has mark'd my lot,
 To breathe my life within this favor'd isle,
 Receiving priv'leges which those have not,
 Who live where christian glories never smile ;
 Do I support those means which would dispel
 Yon heathen darkness, where no light is found ?
 Hail missionaries ! who in climates dwell,
 To till th' unfurrow'd soil, and throw around
 The seed of gospel truths ? If I enjoy
 Such blessings, as these hapless cannot share,
 Is it the constant theme of my employ,
 Whilst at a throne of grace, in private prayer,
 To supplicate his influential love,
 That they may share the bliss reserved above ?

“Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat.”—MATT. vii. 13.

TREMENDOUS truth ! Divinity hath said !
 Th’ unchanging Jesus will not, cannot lie !
 Ere to the root th’ unerring axe is laid,
 O faithless world, regard eternity !
 How plausible appears destruction’s way,
 Where lordly pageantries with lustre shine !
 No future judgment e’er their hearts dismay :
 The world’s thick phalanx move in awful line !
 Here thoughtless youth, and sunless age, behold !
 The rich and poor, the profligate, long sear,
 Whilst the professing christian, scarce so bold,
 Deluded mortal ! follows in the rear !
 Ten thousands throng the deep descent to fate,
 “ Broad is the way, and wide destruction’s gate.”

“Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life,
and few there be that find it.”—MATT. vii. 14.

LIFE is a journey to the heavenly land,
The land of promise—where fruition is.
The world, a labyrinth, where mortals stand,
And many a snare directs their feet amiss.
Where'er the spot we turn our eyes around,
Thousands, who know that “narrow is the way”
Still unrestrained, pervade the giddy round
Of sensual mirth : the victims of a day !—
Pilgrims of Zion ! wrestling while on earth,
Tho’ “few” in number, and your trials great,
Blessed are ye ! who share the second birth ;
To whom lies open faith’s conducting gate,
Pointing above, to crowns by Jesus given,
Mansions not made with hands, eternal in the heaven.

“Ye shall know them by their fruits.”—MATT. vii. 16.

IN vain the sabbath bell's inviting note,
Proclaims around the day of sacred rest !
At home, abroad, man's actions well denote
How little God is worshipp'd in the breast.
Within his house, there wealth and fashion hie
In mock parade, (emblem of mortals still)
There formalists, with step punctilious try
With sober grace, to do th' Almighty's will.
But ah, not all that say unto him, Lord,
Enjoy communion with the great I AM ;
A living faith, substantiates the word,
Which shares alone the blessings of the Lamb :
United to our living head, may we
Bear fruit to him, thro' all eternity.

“ Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean.”—MATT. viii. 2.

BEHOLD the leper, loathing his disease !
Nor skill, nor medicine, can aught avail.
With reverence, he falls upon his knees,
And supplicates the Lord in deepest wail.
His ears are open to the poor and mean,
And, without price, deliverance quickly gives :
I will, replies the Saviour : Be thou clean.—
Ye leprous souls ! who mourn your painful lives,
Where innate sin hath marr'd your happiness,
Droop not, as hopes and fears tumultuous sway,
Heaven's good Physician knows your keen distress.
Ask and ye shall receive : whilst 'tis to-day,
His healing hand is still outstretch'd to save
Those who by faith, his covenant blessings crave.

“Many shall come from the east and west, and shall sit down with Abraham, and Isaac, and Jacob, in the kingdom of heaven.”
—MATT. viii. 11.

YE “children of the kingdom,” up, arise !
Life, death, and judgment, now before you stand !
Important truth, revealed from the skies !
Many shall come from Eastern heathen land
To dwell in heaven ; before the sons of pride.
What priv’leges enrich fair Albion’s isle,
Where might and wisdom harbour side by side,
Crown’d with the gospel’s ever-beauteous smile !
Be yours, while Providence beams forth around,
To live by faith, and wait time’s final hour ;
Lest Jew and Gentile, Turk and Greek, are found
To sing his praise, and glorify his pow’r,
But you to rocks and mountains haply call,
And from the Lamb’s bright presence headlong fall.

“The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests ; but the Son of man hath not where to lay his head.”—MATT. viii. 20.

STUPENDOUS love shines thro' redemption's plan !
 Th' incarnate Deity descends from heaven !
 No pageantry attends his steps,—the “man
 Of sorrows” He, beyond all utterance giv'n !
 “Himself took our infirmities, and bare
 Our sicknesses.” At earliest infancy,
 How destitute of sweet domestic care !
 Each hardship rose, like billows running high,
 Increasing more and more towards the strand !—
 Mount Calvary ! thy pennant broad display,
 From Christendom to farthest heathen land ;
 Telling what Jesus suffer'd in that day,
 When sin's vast burthen made him feel alone,
 And nature's voice convuls'd deep answer'd to his groan.

“Why are ye fearful, O ye of little faith.”—MATT. viii. 26.

DEPRESSED pilgrim ! journeying on life's path,
 Why anxious fears so much your daily woe !
 The lowly One removes his Father's wrath,
 And claims your faith on what he paid below.
 If at the solemn hour with wrestling death,
 Your fearful soul shrinks from the yawning tomb ;
 Jesus will crown you with a fadeless wreath,
 And safely guide you thro' its awful gloom.
 When the dread trumpet thrills heaven, earth, and seas ;
 While mortals “ put on immortality,”
 And deep solicitude shall quickly seize
 The soul, embarking on eternity ;
 That faith in him which now pervades thy breast
 Will then be realised by heavenly rest !

“ Follow me.”—MATT. ix. 9.

MAN, follow thee, his ever-constant Friend ?
Com'st thou in glory, which thou hast above ?
Or does humility thy course attend ;
Which I must have, if I obedience prove ?
Do golden treasures pave thy way below ?
Friends hast thou to accompany in life ?
Or, unbefriended, fraught with writhing woe,
And poverty, amid abounding strife ?
Man, follow thee ? And is thy glorious name
Receiv'd, thou essence of Divinity ?
Or does the world reject, and load with shame
Thy birth, whilst nought is heard but ‘ crucify ? ’
Like Matthew, I would humbly follow thee,
Waiting thy time to set thy prisoner free.

“ Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that he will send forth labourers into his harvest.”—MATT. ix. 38.

LINKED in the heavenly bond of mutual love,
 Emmanuel ! we bow before thy throne ;
 Our sweet communion O may'st thou approve,
 And every faithful prayer in mercy own.
 Plenteous the harvest, but the labourers few,
 How oft are tares by hostile hand thrown in,
 Which wealth, and pride, and power, will welcome too,
 That may awhile subserve the rule of sin.
 Without thy Holy Spirit's gracious aid,
 In vain we plant and water every day :
 Thou giv'st the increase ! all our hope is laid
 In thee, thro' whom we would adore and pray :
 O cov'nant God, may labourers constant come,
 And sooner shall we hail the harvest home !

“ Fear not them which kill the body, but are not able to kill the soul : but rather fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body in hell.”—MATT. x. 28.

Look not around the universe to prove—
 Enough, within the compass of thy sphere,
 To mark man's pride and grandeur ! nay, what love
 Of self ! and self, a godlike ruler here.
 Offspring of ignorance, and slavish sin,
 How youth's vain morning fosters ev'ry sway ;
 Eliminated hence, big fraught within,
 The sciolist stalks out to shine away.
 Possess'd of wealth,—the bane of future weal ;
 Honors,—which perish with the breath that gives ;
 Behold the homage thousands daily seal,
 Whose smile or frown, each either dies or lives !
 Reckless of one thing needful, God's controul
 Is shunned, as judgment waits th' undying soul.

“ The very hairs of your head are all numbered.—MAT. X. 30.

DEJECTED pilgrim ! walking not by sense,
Faith bids thee look beyond the present hour !
Delightful are the beams of Providence,
As is the rainbow in the gathering shower.
Amid life's careful griefs when tempests fall,
There is who knows the conflicts of thy breast,
Who hears the hungering ravens when they call,
And marks the falling sparrow. Heavenly rest
Awaits his sons and daughters in the skies.
Affliction's golden chain, link'd from above,
Magnetic sweetly draws and purifies
The carnal mind and elevates to love.
The sea-girt rock feels each succeeding wave,
So man probation's storm, which he must brave.

“ Whosoever shall deny me before men, him will I also deny before my Father which is in heaven.”—MATT. x. 33.

MY soul ! methinks that awful day arrives,
And all around God's dread tribunal stand ;
How dies that soul, which ever ever lives,
When the great Judge this fiat shall command :
“ Ye who ashamed of Jesus's name below,
“ Slighted his words, and fearlessly denied
“ Before the world—his glories shall not know,
“ Nor wear the crown of life for which he died.
“ Not your's heaven's everlasting joys to share—
“ Joys which have entered not the heart of man ;
“ Not your's to drink the streams that murmur there,
“ Or trace the wonders of redemption's plan.
“ Hence vain aspirant from my glorious throne,
“ Nor claim his mercy whom thou did'st disown.”

“The poor have the gospel preached to them.”—MATT. XI. 5.

How does the gospel living charms unfold,
Whose fragrance rises for the friendless poor :
The poor are rich in faith, which mammon's gold
May never purchase, at the judgment door.
Walking with God unheeded pass they on,
Save where reproach bespeaks them low and mean ;
And yet tho' human titles are withdrawn,
Crowns will be theirs beyond life's troubled scene.
A saving God will be their deathless prize,
When time's fleet chariot wheels shall cease to roll ;
Untaught ! the Holy Spirit makes them wise,
He loves to teach the meek and humble soul !
While rich, and proud, and wise of this frail earth,
Reject his love, and spurn the second birth.

"I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes."—MATT. xi. 25.

REVIVING thought ! how sweet it breathes of love,
 Love to the very least of human kind !
 The weak, the powerless, shall his mercy prove,
 And babes the treasures of his knowledge find.
 Approach fall'n man, if thou desir'st a cure,
 And heal thy soul in his appointed way ;
 Renounce thy wisdom, which will not endure
 The simple remedy, thou must assay.
 Free from self trusting and each doubting thought,
 Which worldly prudence proudly may suggest ;
 Seek pardon as the boon a Saviour bought,
 Whose precious blood will cleanse thy leprous breast.
 Gracious he waits, thy prayers and sighs to bless,
 With the pure garment of his Righteousness.

“ Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and
I will give you rest.”—MATT. xi. 28.

WHEREFORE ye sons of folly, satiate
With sinful pleasures, wherefore should ye die ?
Listen ! he speaks, the only Potentate,
Before whom fall th’ angelic hosts on high.
Come—superstitious, ceremonial man,
And walk securely in the gospel light ;
Come—trembling penitent, redemption’s plan
Is now revealed, in beams of mercy bright.
And thou, afflicted pilgrim, on thy way
Assail’d by foes without, and fears within ;
Come to thy rest—and there for ever pray,
O bear to him the burden of thy sin :
Come—all who labour, Christ will give you rest,
And soothe the torture of an aching breast.

“ My yoke is easy, and my burden is light.”—MATT. xi. 30.

Does the arch-rebel boast each passing hour,
That myriads take his yoke with willing joy ?
That joy shall turn to grief when sorrows lower,
And death and judgment all their thoughts employ.
Do worldly pleasures captivate the heart,
And cheer life's fleeting moments as they fly ?
Where is their charm to stay death's venom'd dart,
And give delight throughout eternity ?
God's yoke is easy, and his burden light ;
Omnipotence supports the pilgrim's soul ;
What inward peace, and joy, and pure delight,
Spring from obedience under his controul !
Those tribulations sent by heavenly love,
Work out a weight of glorious joy above.

“A bruised reed shall he not break, and smoking flax shall he not quench, till he send forth judgment unto victory.”—MATT. xii. 20.

THE love of God stupendous, Calvary
 Proclaims around, to sinners freely giv'n :
 This world is stamp'd with man's mortality,
 But life's immortal flowers will bloom in heav'n.
 Thou drooping son of Zion ! sad and weak,
 The “man of sorrows” knows thy deep distress :
 Hear'st thou ? “a bruised reed he will not break,”
 But probe the wound with touch of tenderness.
 His long compassion will not have thee blench,
 And doubt t' approach his mediatorial throne ;
 Hear'st thou ? “The smoking flax he will not quench,”
 But watch the spark which seems t' expire alone.
 He loves to kindle, e'en the dwindling ray,
 And condescending trims it, night and day.

“ Every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment.”—MATT. xii. 36.

How pow’rful is the faculty of speech !
 But oh ! this boon, the worldling will despise :
 Devoid of fear and shame, see him outreach
 Reason’s just bounds, and grovel ’neath the skies.
 But every idle, useless word men say,
 Tho’ wafted, lingering, dying on the wind,
 Shall be recall’d, when at the judgment day,
 They sound terrific in the startled mind.
 Th’ unbridled tongues that vent their blasphemy—
 In defamation active—sporting ’round
 The impure jest—and trifle with a lie
 To darken truth, whene’er she may be found ;
 Before the Judge of quick and dead shall give
 Awful account, and doom to die or live.

“The queen of the south shall rise up in the judgment with this generation, and shall condemn it : for she came from the uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon ; and, behold, a greater than Solomon is here.”—MATT. xii. 42.

O CHILD of pleasure ! see the ravish'd queen
 Hast'ning from Araby's remotest sands,
 With glowing expectation on her mien,
 To witness glories rais'd by mortal hands.
 At this blest period of meridian light ;
 When “greater than a Solomon is here,”
 Disclosing visions passing human sight,
 Do thou to Jesus come with heart sincere.
 That light will visit not the darkling grave,
 But, you who live regardless of his word,
 Before Omnipotence may quickly crave
 The pardon of your oft offended Lord ;
 Then he whose laws were trampled on will say :
 “ I know you not, ye cursed, hence, away.”

“ Let both grow together until the harvest.”—MATT. xiii. 30.

BEHOLD the busy world's deluded throng !
Unconscious how they crowd destruction's road :
Can countless myriads journeying along,
Mistake the way to happiness and God ?
The sun illumines the sinner and the just,
And showers impartial cool the thirsty ground,
Alike the good and evil come to dust,
And mix promiscuous 'neath the grassy mound.
But, after death, the judgment ! then will they
Who follow'd this world's fascinating course,
Be fill'd with agony and wild dismay,
The cruel sport of endless deep remorse.
Then to the faithful only shall be giv'n,
To share God's undivided love in heav'n.

“Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun in the kingdom
of their Father.”—MATT. xiii. 43.

FORSAKEN pilgrim ! life's tenebrious vale
Is shaded with affliction's darksome gloom ;
Here reigns Destruction, with his sceptre pale,
And threatens every step impending doom.
How great thy conflicts, at this chilling hour,
When works of darkness strive to overwhelm
Thy lowly head, and with terrific power
Fain would divert faith's tempest-shatter'd helm.
Yet still the fight endure ! undaunted be,
Trusting in God who knows thy sharp distress ;
His rod and staff will help and comfort thee,
Cloth'd in the garment of his righteousness,
And oh ! when life's probation all be done,
Bright shall thy joy be as the noon-day sun.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field ; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field.”—MATT. xiii. 44.

How many thousands daily walk this field,
 From youth's first dawning to the night of age ;
 Unconscious of the wealth its bowels yield,
 Contented solely with its pasturage.
 Blessed the man, whom constant sense of sin
 Drives there to probe the gospel's sacred mine :
 With wakeful diligence, 'tis his to win
 Eternal blessings and a crown divine.
 When he discovers in his neediness,
 Those riches which God's oracles contain,
 See him renounce this world, and then confess,
 “ For him to live is Christ, to die is gain.”
 As spring-time ravishes the drooping heart,
 So does the Light of Life congenial gifts impart.

“The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant-man seeking goodly pearls; Who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it.”—MATT. xiii. 45. 46.

OBSERVE the children of this nether sphere,
 In fond pursuit of some desired pearl;
 Their days from month to month, and year to year,
 Are busy spent amid life's giddy whirl.
 Their favourite object, when it may be found,
 Poorly requites the pains which it has cost;
 How soon indeed does time's revolving round,
 Shorten our span, then 'tis for ever lost!
 But the poor sinner, suppliant for grace,
 By virtue of his Saviour's sacrifice
 Levels proud self, seeking his Father's face,
 And in the Cov'nant Love, his Pearl of price,
 Finds there ecstatic wonder and delight
 Enwrap the soul, fraught with the uncreated light.

“Jesus saith unto them, Have ye understood all these things.”—
MATT. xiii. 51.

YEA, Lord, my soul with gratitude replies,
Thy parables imbued with heavenly lore ;
Enlighten and direct me to the skies,
Where I may live, when time shall be no more.
Dear are thy counsels to my heart, and meet
T'arouse from slumbers this lethargic breast ;
Therefore I love to listen at thy feet,
And learn thy will and inwardly digest.
Yes, as thy word of truth I strive t' impress
Deep in my mind, and daily hear thy voice ;
I feel their virtue in this wilderness,
To build, establish, and confirm my choice.
As sips the bee sweet nectar from each flow'r,
So would I glean instruction every hour.

“And she said, give me here John Baptist’s head in a charger.”—

MATT. xiv. 8.

Is this Salome ! she beyond compare
 Adorn’d without in nature’s loveliness ;
 Gracing the dance, with captivating air,
 Herod’s attraction in his wild excess ?
 Is this Salome ? all athirst for blood
 Lurks there such death beneath her syren eye ?
 The oath has past : the king’s decree has stood :
 Vice triumphs ;—for the martyr’d saint must die.
 When chaste reflection, dissipated here
 Within those festive scenes of earth’s delight ;
 And conscience stupified, no more sincere,
 Yield to those deeds which Satan would incite ;
 How soon alas ! the fairest bosoms prove,
 Powerless to wake the energies of love !

“And the king was sorry.”—MATT. xiv. 9.

THERE is a silent eloquence in blood,
Whose very whisper frights the murderous soul.
What conscious bosom then has e’er withstood
Its voice when loudest all its thunders roll ?
The blood of Abel cried from ’neath the ground ;
Cain heard, and fled :—so feels the startled King,
Ere the death-stroke has rent the crimson wound,
The sharpening point of guilt’s envenom’d sting.
Yet, sunk in feelings, man, no longer man,
Moves on a level with the thoughtless beast ;
Incitement ready bursts the dreadful ban,
Which adds the zest unto a worldly feast.
Reflection, if it come, just brings remorse,
Which to remove, he drowns, and makes that state the
worse.

“ And he sent, and beheaded John in the prison.”—

MATT. xiv. 10.

THE ebbing tide has flow'd again : the wave
 Has wash'd away the impress on the sand :
 The king was sorry, yet the yawning grave
 Must open at his unrevok'd command :
 Prepare, blest saint, to feel the deadly blow,
 Prepare the gates of heaven to enter in,
 Prepare to bask in streams which endless flow,
 And deathless crowns of victory to win :
 Thy blood-stain'd armour lay for ever by.
 Lo, robes of whiteness and a harp divine
 Shall solace thee beyond the starry sky,
 And God's eternal glories shall be thine :
 This night an envied passport will be giv'n,
 From dungeon-darkness to the light of heaven !

“He went up into a mountain apart to pray : and when the evening was come, he was there alone.”—**MATT.** xiv. 23.

Lo, Eve on earth and sky her mantle flings,
While the bright king of day in ocean's bed
Retires. Now birds, and beasts, and creeping things,
Fatigued with nature's round, recline the head
To rest. And man, creation's Lord, must come
And seek repose from labour and from woe :
Sweet are the comforts of an earthly home,
But sweeter that which faith aspires to know.
Who, on a dangerous voyage nearly o'er,
Makes not secure to reach the welcome land ?
What energy display'd as peers the shore,
To watch, obey, and act, on each command ?
So to life's cares when God some respite gives,
Our hopes are lively and the soul revives.

“ He went up into a mountain.”—MATT. xiv. 23.

To yon high mount, with silent steps, I climb,
Where nature deck'd in spring's attire appears :
From neighbouring turrets floats the evening chime,
Playing upon the dying breeze : my ears
Drink the sweet sound, that thro' each vein conveys
A melancholy thrill ; thoughts deeply burn ;
Sensation glows ; and memory paints the days,
That to this breast will never more return.
Here on this spot, whose summit towering high
Time's hand imprints, has many a pilgrim been,
Has viewed the vale below, unheeded by
The world, and mark'd eternity's true scene :
Man and his works are changeful and decay,
While nature holds unchanged her one resistless way.

“ But he answered her not a word.”—MATT. XV. 23.

THOU tribulated pilgrim ! worn with care,
Importune still thy mediatorial Lord !
Employ the blessed privilege of prayer,
Altho' Emmanuel answers not a word.
Does he that beaming countenance conceal ?
Art thou dejected with his rising frown ?
O faint not, soon that silence will reveal,
Why thus he seems thy wailings to disown.
He oft withdraws, thy longing faith to prove,
And what humility pervades thy heart ;
Awhile he veils his influential love,
Nor gives that quick relief he can impart.
O faint not ! soon an answer will be given,
And plenteous showers of love descend from heaven.

“Do ye not yet understand, neither remember the five loaves of the five thousand, and how many baskets ye took up ?”—MATT. xvi. 9.

DESponding pilgrim ! why this sad distrust,
 Why this solicitude within your soul ?
 God's providence is merciful and just,
 And heaven's police works good by his controul.
 Cannot thy past experience own his power
 And will, to drive the clouds of grief away ;
 When storms of dreary tempest seemed to lower
 And hope withdrew her once consoling ray ?
 Peace, peace ! his long forbearing love retrace,
 When in thy neediness he quickly came
 Moved with compassion at thy helpless case,
 Did he not raise thy half-expiring frame ?
 Out of the depths then plume faith's drooping wing,
 And like the sky-lark, mount and soaring sing.

“From that time forth began Jesus to show unto his disciples, how that he must go unto Jerusalem, and suffer many things of the elders and chief priests and scribes, and be killed, and be raised again the third day.”—MATT. xvi. 21.

Is this Emmanuel ! God's beloved Son !
 Who condescends to leave his Father's throne ?
 Death he must suffer, ere his work be done,
 And expiate a world of guilt alone.
 Ye chosen christians, with these truths in view,
 That look to Jesus in yon heavenly sphere ;
 Where he faith's contrite prayer does oft renew
 In his compassion, for th' afflicted here ;
 Ye too must suffer many things on earth,
 Whilst you enjoy his covenanted love :
 If born again, ye know the second birth,
 Temptations wait your new estate to prove :
 And self-denying duties every hour,
 Demand your cross, against the arc-rebel's power.

“ If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me.”—MATT. xvi. 24.

HENCE all ye lying vanities of life,
 That yield no appetite for sacred food !
 Denial mine, amid abounding strife,
 Content with what supplies the wise and good.
 Vain lordly man, the creature of a day,
 Uplifts his standard with imperious voice :
 Be mine to list, undaunted with dismay,
 Take up my cross, and in my Lord rejoice.
 What myriads join the self-deceiving world,
 Whose glittering banners catch th' unwary eye ;
 Parley once made, the soul may soon be hurl'd
 Where death unlocks the dread reality !
 Then let me follow thee, Exemplar dear !
 Among the few, who love thy words to hear.

“For what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?”—MATT. xvi. 26.

WHAT, if I gain this world's dear-bought applause,
 And live enroll'd amongst her sons of fame,
 A votary to fashion's rigid laws ;
 Lighting my torch at folly's glaring flame ?
 What, if I hold from fortune's flattering smile,
 All that her flowery lap displays for me ;
 Become a sharer of her gifts awhile,
 And lull my cares in dreams of vanity ?
 What, if I stand unrivall'd in my day,
 And move within the higher spheres of life,
 Hourly beguiling time's sure steps away,
 Secure from labour, poverty and strife ;
 When death unheeded comes, and mars the whole,
 What will it profit if I lose my soul ?

“What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?”—

MATT. xvi. 26.

MAY breath-created titles e'er avail
 The proud transgressor, at the judgment-day ?
 Or wealth buy off the terrors which assail
 The stricken conscience, fraught with wild dismay !
 Death levels all distinction in the grave :
 One common lot the monarch and the hind
 Awaits : there mammon cannot save,
 Nor honours bias God's eternal mind.
 Much more than these, nay worlds, could never give,
 A ransom to redeem one guilty soul.
 Th' incarnate Saviour died, that all may live,
 And dwell with him where endless pleasures roll.
 Then to his blood each captive soul must come,
 And crucify the flesh to reach their home.

“Lord, it is good for us to be here : if thou wilt, let us make here three tabernacles ; one for thee, and one for Moses, and one for Elias.”—MATT. xvii. 4.

WHEN the lone pilgrim, in life's darksome hour,
 By faith uplifted from this nether sphere,
 Can realize the Spirit's glorious power,
 And has some transient foretaste even here
 Of Jesus, the Divine Similitude ;
 How glows with joy his energetic breast ;
 As thus he reasons : “to be here 'tis good,”
 Here would I catch the sunshine of the blest.
 But oh he cannot long this boon enjoy
 Clothed in mortality : more conquests wait !
 Daily, satanic foes his cross employ.
 The fight of faith alone, ensures that state,
 Where centred shines the Sun of Righteousness
 In glorious might, and awful loveliness.

“Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven.”—MATT. xviii. 4.

SPIRIT of Truth ! renew thy wonted grace,
 And stay me with humility of soul :
 Hapless are they, who scorn thy beaming face
 With pride, and shun thy dovelike, soft controul.
 Subdue within ambition's rising power,
 That I may prize the crown Emmanuel won !
 And when shall come probation's darkest hour,
 Let resignation speak : “Thy will be done.”
 Oh bring me to the Father reconcil'd
 In Christ, that I his countenance may share :
 Sustain me humble, teachable, and mild,
 Dependant on his providential care :
 Then with her anchor fixed on Jesu's love,
 My soul shall harbour safe in realms above.

“ Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.”—MATT. xviii. 20.

How beautiful the sight, at evening's close,
 A pious, heaven-conducted family !
 Who, ere they take worn nature's calm repose,
 Address the great I AM, who reigns on high,
 Through the Redeemer's blood. The written word
 Solemn they read from out the sacred page :
 His lovingkindnesses their souls record
 With praise, as oft as morn and vesper-stage
 Arrive. Sweet is th' anticipated scene
 Of heaven ! their Father owns his children here,
 And tho' much conflict still may intervene
 To mar such beauty which the heart holds dear ;
 Faith looks beyond the broken veil of time,
 Waiting those sinless realms, eternal and sublime.

“Jesus saith unto him, I say not unto thee, Until seven times :
but, Until seventy times seven.”—MATT. xviii. 22.

Do I the debtor's low petition hear,
And scarce relax some portion of my due ;
Whilst I expect heaven's Ruler will forbear,
Nay, e'en the whole of mine, remit anew ;
As ev'ry debt incurr'd ? Or from my heart,
A brother's trespass do I quick forgive ;
Whilst daily God his mercy doth impart
On me, who am the least that do survive ?
If I, unmerited, his goodness share,
Woe unto me, if this I should abuse,
And stern reject my brother's suppliant prayer.
How fares my soul, and what its weak excuse ?
When retribution comes, in vain to call
Have patience, Lord, and I will pay thee all !

“But Jesus said, Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me . . . and he laid his hands on them.”—

MATT. XIX. 14, 15.

IMPORTANT is the Christian parents' charge,
 When they are blest with children of the Lord :
 How shall they best their gratitude discharge,
 But search the Scriptures, and obey his word ?
 Shall we upon their helpless infancy,
 Procrastinate to bring them to his fold ?
 Heaven's sympathetic Shepherd hears their cry,
 And with compassion will their state behold.
 With faith and prayer, then let us dedicate
 These tender lambs to him :—and as they grow ;
 Train up their minds in what to love,—to hate—
 And early their redeeming God to know.
 Thus will these little ones before him rise,
 Nor will he scorn their simple sacrifice.

“ For of such is the kingdom of heaven.”—MATT. xix. 14.

FOND Christian parent ! whose sad countenance
Betokens tribulation in thy breast ;
This trying hour reflection will advance,
And bear thee thro' death's valley, to thy rest.
Is it thy lot some offspring dear to mourn,
Who was thy sweetest care, thy daily pride ?
Remember, if from thee so early torn,
'Tis but transplanted, in yon heaven t' abide.
If 'twas thy care on each returning day,
To mark God's promised blessing on thy part ;
Let this create a bright and glorious ray,
Amid affliction's gloom to cheer thy heart.
Time quickly speeds, and soon it shall be given,
To know such angels worship God in heaven.

“ All these things have I kept from my youth up : what lack I yet ? ”—MATT. XIX. 20.

How vain and inconsistent is fall'n man !
 Elated with superiority
 Of self, unable he forsooth to scan,
 That works without right principles, must die.
 If he the Lord's commands prepares t' obey
 In every station, 'mid each worldly let ;
 Proud human nature prompts the heart to say,
 With boasting speech, “ Master, what lack I yet ? ”
 Immaculate Jehovah from his throne,
 Source of all holiness to Adam's race ;
 Proclaims “ there are none righteous, no not one ; ”
 And all must die without his special grace.
 His Spirit's virtue every deed shall bless,
 Ere man can realize the fruits of righteousness.

“And about the eleventh hour he went out, and found others standing idle, and saith unto them, Why stand ye here all the day idle ?”—MATT. XX. 6.

THE Owner of the vineyard speaks : his voice
 How merciful, and fraught with cov'nant love !
 Happy those labourers who in him rejoice
 At earliest day, and what He wills approve.
 Nor they alone ! Hast thou ere mark'd the sun
 When storms have blacken'd all the live-long day,
 Eager to dart before his course is run
 Thro' nature's strife, one kind benignant ray,
 To cheer earth's children ? At th' eleventh hour,
 Thus blest Emmanuel, uncreated Light,
 Fain would communicate his ransom'd power,
 And rescue man from death's eternal night :
 He more than waits to hear each suppliant cry,
 And saith to one and all, “ Why will ye die ? ”

“These last have wrought but one hour, and thou hast made them equal unto us, which have borne the burden and heat of the day.”—MATT. XX. 12.

WHAT if I'm born in Albion's favour'd isle,
 And wear the badge of Christian ; while around
 The gospel recommends, with peerless smile,
 Those truths sublime that live in heaven profound,
 Eternal ;—what if I assume a race
 Loyal, and virtuous, and of high decree ;
 And, as descendant, occupy that place,
 With head uplifted like the fruitful tree ;
 What if some portion of my worldly store
 Relieve the widow or the orphan's tears ;
 And, as a sojourner, I summon o'er
 The goodly actions of departed years ;
 In vain these privileges, tho' seeming good,
 If love constrain not from Emmanuel's blood.

“ And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosanna to the Son of David ! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord ; Hosanna in the highest ! ” —MATT. xxi. 9.

PILGRIMS of Zion ! have not ye some cause
 To sound “ Hosanna ” with sweet ecstasies ?
 Of yore he came to satisfy God’s laws,
 And now triumphant hails you from the skies.
 The taunted jest—the aggravated scorns—
 The unknown persecutions whilst below,
 And hate implacable, and crown of thorns
 Were his, to stigmatize their sufferer’s woe :—
 These he relinquished at famed Calvary’s cross !
 And since his re-ascension for above,
 Behold him willing to repair man’s loss,
 And interceding with his Father’s love :
 He comes, not with his judgments’ dread alarm,
 But to diffuse the Spirit’s heavenly charm.

“ And when he saw a fig tree in the way, he came to it, and found nothing thereon, but leaves only, and said unto it, Let no fruit grow on thee henceforward for ever. And presently the fig-tree withered away.”—MATT. xxi. 19.

’Tis not for finite creatures e’er to know,
 And judge the fig-tree with nice scrutiny :
 Leaves of profession may create a show,
 But all their blossoms wither, fade and die.
 So the white sepulchre which holds the dead,
 Idea pure of innocence conveys,
 And yet within corruption makes her bed,
 And every false delusion soon betrays.
 But when th’ omniscient Deity will come,
 To prove the virtue of each tree around,
 Then none his vigilance shall overcome,
 But dread the sentence if no fruit be found :
 Thou mere professor in probation’s day,
 I know you not, depart, depart away !

“And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, ye shall receive.”—MATT. xxi. 22.

DEAR contemplation ! may proud fallen man,
 Lost in th' eclipse of nature's gloomy fall,
 Once more arise by sweet redemption's plan,
 And hail his Reconciled, all in all ?
 Whatever soul convinced of inbred sin,
 That mourns the past, the present, and to come ;
 Let him faith's supplications well begin,
 And soon shall he obtain his Father's home.
 It is not his to share the things of sense,
 Which clip the fluttering wings that would arise ;
 But meekly to abide God's providence,
 And wait his time to welcome Paradise.
 Then at th' appointed hour shall he ascend,
 And all things prove from his unchanging Friend.

“Tell them which are bidden, Behold, I have prepared my dinner : my oxen and my fatlings are killed, and all things are ready : come unto the marriage.”—MATT. xxii. 4.

ARE all things ready ? Is the heavenly feast
 Prepared, and waiting for corruption's race ?
 Does the profound Creator to the least
 Of men, hail them to his empyreal place ?
 Forbid it, Lord, thy creatures should not come,
 To clothe and feed from man's entail'd distress ;
 And taste thy banquet freely giv'n, the sum
 Of their, nay angels' glorious happiness.
 Did thy dear Son from heaven's high throne descend,
 And pour his precious blood to purchase this ?
 Be ours unceasing gratitude to spend,
 Whilst we would realize immortal bliss.
 Salvation's Captain all our souls' delight,
 From morn's first dawning to the dews of night.

“ But they made light of it.”—MATT. xxii. 5.

MYSTERIOUS truth ! and has th' eternal God,
 His fallen rebellious children call'd to heaven ?
 Has mercy's voice the gospel spread abroad,
 And are salvation's waters freely given ?
 Then how shall we escape, if time and sense
 Attract from heavenly boon, our giddy eyes ?
 What shall we say to God's omniscience ;
 For slighting unimplored, his glorious prize ?
 The farm, the merchandise may charm us now ;
 But in the dreary days of pain or death,
 The heart will fail : the haughty look will bow :
 Nor worlds will stay our fast expiring breath.
 Then wild amazement will be all our lot,
 If we should cry, and He should answer not.

“ For many are called, but few are chosen.”—MATT. xxii. 14.

BEHOLD the judgment throne ! earth's entrails wide,
 And yawning deep, disclose th' uprisen dead.
 Worlds that have sunk beneath time's rolling tide,
 Eternity reclaims from out the bed
 Of the now vanquish'd grave. Lo myriads throng
 T' obtain the gate of heaven. Jehovah reads
 The book of life, and asks if these belong
 To his beloved Son ? Emmanuel needs
 Must speak the awful truth : “ I know you not.”
 Whilst to confirm the sentence borne on high,
 The Spirit witnesses that he had wrought
 To them his slighted part : “ Why will ye die.”
 None but God's workmanship can e'er attain
 Celestial glory, there with him to reign.

“What think ye of Christ?”—MATT. xxii. 42.

Go, child of reason, to the ransomed slave !
 Count the warm drops fast gushing from his eye,
 When by the foaming of the mountain wave,
 By each known rock, he feels his country nigh !
 Bath'd in such tears we speed our voyage home,
 The fetters loose of sin, and death, and woe,
 Whilst halcyon visions of the joys to come,
 Burst thro' the heav'n-lit waves' tempestuous flow.
 Redeeming God ! too changeable indeed
 Are all things else, they flourish, change, and die :
 Unchangeable thyself, from whence proceed
 Earth's solid joys—heaven's blest security :
 Where'er I breathe round this terraqueous ball,
 Thou art my only hope, my life, my all in all.

“Woe unto you, Scribes and Pharisees, hypocrites ! for ye are like unto whited sepulchres, which indeed appear beautiful outward, but are within full of dead men’s bones, and of all uncleanness.”—*MATT. xxiii. 27.*

THE form how graceful, how divine the mien,
 Creation’s work presents in human kind !
 The noblest work of God, at once is seen
 Crowding th’ imagination of the mind,
 With self-approving wonder. From the view
 Why does the meditating soul recoil ?
 Alas on near approach in colours true
 Sin has been there, and made his greedy spoil.
 However lovely human nature seems,
 Still sad depravity is bred within :
 Romance but mocks life’s fond enchanting dreams,
 All from the parent stock are born in sin.
 God’s Spirit only can renew the whole,
 T’ adorn and sanctify the fallen soul.

“O Jerusalem, Jerusalem, thou that killest the prophets, and stonest them which are sent unto thee, how often would I have gathered thy children together, even as a hen gathereth her chickens under her wings, and ye would not.”—MATT, xxiii. 37.

Is this the Eternal God, whose piercing cry
 Breathes such affection, from his inmost soul,
 For sinful men? Ah! “wherefore will ye die,”
 Professing Christians, reckless of controul.
 Knew ye what rest the sorrow-stricken heart
 Enjoys, uplifted by his circling arms,
 With what solicitude he loves t’ impart
 His guardianship, from this world’s dire alarms?
 Oh you would pour your penitential grief
 Into his ears, and at his feet remain:
 For there the wearied pilgrim finds relief,
 Wounded and bleeding with the cross’s chain.
 And you, forsaken Zion! first would flee
 To that fond breast, who wept and died for thee.

“Immediately after the tribulation of those days shall the sun be darkened, and the moon shall not give her light, and the stars shall fall from heaven, and the powers of the heavens shall be shaken.”—MATT. xxiv. 29.

METHINKS that awful and decisive hour,
 The hour of retribution now arrives.—
 Inverted nature, by the mighty power
 Of God, no longer admiration gives,
 Lost in the dissolution of the world.
 Behold! heav’n’s long and loud artillery,
 (Thunders, from pole to pole in vengeance hurl’d)
 O’erwhelm, according to heaven’s just decree,
 This nether sphere. The running sands of time
 Are spent—death too with all is overthrown :
 Faith now acknowledges her truths sublime,
 And quick and dead are summon’d at God’s throne,
 While conscience stings the sinner’s sinking breast
 Ere the unalter’d sentence comes exprest.

“ And he shall send his angels with a great sound of a trumpet, and they shall gather together his elect from the four winds, from one end of heaven to the other.”—MATT. xxiv. 31.

CHEER up my soul ! the final hour draws nigh,
 And life's probation, shortly will be o'er !
 Methinks it is an awful thing to die,
 And, as I hear that sentence pass'd of yore
 “ Since dust thou art—to dust thou shalt return ; ”
 I follow to the grave, the common lot
 Of all, each to his own sepulchral urn,
 Where man awhile may seem to be forgot.
 Corruption here may seize its destin'd prize,
 And mix this body with my native dust ;
 Yet, at that day, shall Jesus bid me rise,
 When tombs deliver up their sacred trust.
 Then shall his children, O redeeming grace !
 Chang'd and immortal, see him face to face !

“ For as in the days that were before the flood they were eating and drinking, marrying, and giving in marriage, until the day that Noe entered into the ark, and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away; so shall also the coming of the Son of man be.”—MATT. XXIV. 38, 39.

SUN, moon, and stars, are lighting on their way
 The faithful, to heav’n’s Jasper-walls of light :
 But millions, as in Noah’s awful day,
 Are lighted by them to eternal night.
 Oh ! could they glance behind the veil of time,
 And catch one vision of eternity ;
 Methinks each thought to heav’n and God would climb,
 And folly’s empty joys from earth would flee.
 Oh ! could they feel what saints and angels know,
 The value of the soul, the love of God ;—
 Each thought to faith’s immortal fruit would grow,
 And righteousness and peace be shed abroad.
 Great God ! may this my ceaseless pleasure be—
 Unseen to love thee here, in heav’n thy face to see.

“Then shall two be in the field ; the one shall be taken, and the other left.”—MATT. xxiv. 40.

CONSCIENCE awake ! more vigilance attain,
 And hear this solemn truth which God reveals :
 Link'd in the bond of friendship's golden chain,
 What throbbings every tender bosom feels,
 If e'en a doubt exist, it may be riven
 Above. What joy pervades that family,
 Who, hand in hand, are on the road to heaven :
 With hopes all full of immortality.
 But sure the cup of life is mix'd with gall,
 Where bland religion has no counterpart.
 Life's busy world may seem to one and all
 The same, whilst inmost works the conscious heart
 In secrecy : like the propelling tide
 'Neath ocean's wavy bed that doth in silence glide.

“They that were foolish took their lamps, and took no oil with them.”—MATT. XXV. 3.

BORN and baptiz'd within blest Albion's isle,
 Conscience reflect, and ask thyself within,
 Whilst God's especial blessings 'round me smile,
 Is there no soul to lose, no fight to win ?
 Is pray'r no more than speculative art,
 Warm'd by no fire but reason's finite pow'r ;
 Or must the Spirit ev'ry grace impart,
 To share that wisdom which may stand the hour
 Of final retribution ? When 't is giv'n
 That awful summons, “ See the bridegroom nigh : ”
 Can self-complacent virtue gain me heav'n,
 Or proudly dare Jehovah's scales to try ?
 Enter my soul, by blood, a safer road,
 And trust thy all to a redeeming God.

“But the wise took oil in their vessels with their lamps.”—

MATT. XXV. 4.

YES, faith implanted in the new-born soul,
 Th’ awaken’d pilgrim yields terrestrial care :
 No more he clings to fashion’s sad controul,
 But heavenly wisdom now his constant pray’r.
 What cruel conflicts mark his narrow way,
 Whilst persecution vents satanic flame ;
 Trials, unlook’d-for, come in long array,
 Probation’s dreadful hour to prove his name
 In Christ. Amid this world’s formality
 He glad withdraws, and hails the Spirit’s power.
 Blest privilege his, while living here, to die
 And dying, live at dissolution’s hour,
 When worlds shall perish. Then will his trimm’d lamp
 Illume death’s valley to the christian’s camp.

“ While the bridegroom tarried, they all slumbered and slept.”—

MATT. XXV. 5.

How prone is man, in youth's enchanting hour,
 To speculate upon the sands of time.
 Life's threescore years and ten, like April-shower,
 May not be his, deferring things sublime.
 Does health give promise of a safer bloom
 When manhood crowns his short precarious state ?
 There's but a step between him and the tomb—
 And oh, what ruin to procrastinate !
 Does feeble age approach, while he's alone
 An awful spectacle of Adam's race,
 Wasting and crumbling, like the turret-stone,
 And ghastly, as the charnel's moonlit place ?
 How dread that plunge into eternity,
 Which quick reveals th' unchanging destiny !

“And at midnight there was a cry made, Behold, the bridegroom cometh; go ye out to meet him.”—MATT. xxv. 6.

How certain death ! his coming when and how
 Unknown to man, of whatsoever age :
 The fragrant flowret fades upon his mow,
 And importunity cannot assuage
 His ruthless stroke. Be ours while 't is to day,
 To watch and pray, and wait that solemn hour,
 Which, tho' expected, unexpected may
 Arrive, when having proved the Spirit's pow'r
 On earth, we rapt'rous shout, O bridegroom hail !
 Soon, soon in final judgment will he come,
 In all the clouds of heaven. What shall avail
 Their souls who are not ready for that home,
 Reserv'd above : when time's fleet sands are run,
 And vast eternity for aye begun.

“Then all those virgins arose, and trimmed their lamps. And the foolish said unto the wise, Give us of your oil, for our lamps are gone out.”—MATT. XXV. 7. 8.

WHAT consternation fills each anxious breast,
 When death or judgment comes. Doubt, hope, and fear,
 Alternate sway, and conscience now opprest
 With awe, would in its clearest light appear.
 The vain professor who stalk'd forth on earth,
 And rais'd himself this world's applause throughout,
 Who liv'd to disregard the second birth,
 His glimmering lamp he trims : and finds it out.
 But the true christian, altho' worn and faint,
 At this the close of life's sharp pilgrimage ;
 Not thus desponding, freed from all complaint,
 Salvation's Head, with whom he did engage
 Below, th' unfailing oil of grace supplies :
 And his rekindling lamp delights faith's upward eyes.

“But the wise answered saying, Not so, lest there be not enough for us and you : but go ye rather to them that sell, and buy for yourselves.”—**MATT. XXV. 9.**

O DREADFUL state, when conscience first within
 Rises, convicting each deluded soul !
 At this o'erwhelming crisis, ev'ry sin
 Appears, and what shall renovate the whole ?
 Can a believer's prayer, which once was blest,
 Gain them acceptance at the Bridegroom's throne ?
 Or, ministers of his, ensure heav'n's rest
 For them, now sovereign justice stands alone ?
 In vain all human merits for relief :—
 Still vain those mummeries, which tend to cheat ;
 'Tis not for mortals to remove their grief,
 And cause acquittal at the judgment seat
 Of God. At once without or gold or price,
 “ T' Emmanuel go,”—must be the last advice.

“And while they went to buy, the bridegroom came; and they that were ready went in with him to the marriage; and the door was shut.”—MATT. XXV. 10.

WATCHFULNESS, prayer, and meditation sweet
 Uphold the fainting pilgrims on their way!
 Faith's beaming aspirations wait, to greet
 That hour, which ushers in eternal day.
 The Bridegroom comes! Oh all enrapt'ring sound!
 'Tis their prerogative to shout with joy.
 The marriage-supper of the Lamb, is found
 To yield delights unknown, without alloy.
 But hapless whom procrastination keeps
 In blind security, and sensual ease!
 Th' omniscient eye of God, which never sleeps,
 Observes with jealousy their sad disease.
 Oh ere the door is shut, at Zion's gate
 Hasten to knock, and weep, and watch, and wait.

“Afterward came also the other virgins, saying, Lord, Lord, open to us. But he answered and said, Verily I say unto you, I know you not.”—MATT. XXV. 11, 12.

WHEN retribution summons quick and dead,
 Can those, who lived on earth to self's esteem,
 Now call upon salvation's glorious Head,
 And plead his merits, which an idle scheme
 Appear'd below ? Can his surrounded throne,
 For ever pealing with angelic lays,
 Be heaven to them, where he is God alone,
 Whom they did slight, abuse, neglect to praise,
 Or love ? Behold the omniscient God
 Daily man's work, within his book records :
 He notes what thousands bow to mammon's rod,
 How few that love t' adore the Lord of Lords.
 Soon will his awful voice proclaim their lot,
 Despisers of my name, I know you not.

“ Watch therefore, for ye know neither the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh.”—MATT. XXV. 13.

O FOR thy special grace, life-giving Word,
 To watch :—lest I thy welcome coming miss.
 Not hearer only, may I call thee Lord
 In deed, and feel my life, my bliss
 In thee ! Vain my endeavours hence to rise
 Divested of the world, proud self, and sin,
 Unaided by the incens'd sacrifice,
 Which by thy Spirit thou dost wake within.
 Therefore for thee I watch. Oh haste the day,
 When we shall cease to watch for mammon's store :
 Oh lingering ages quickly pass away :
 That sin and sorrow may be known no more.
 When thou, great God ! with glory dost arrive,
 They who have watch'd for thee, shall with thee live.

"And so it that God ordered the shining band and brought
 other like shining, saying, Let us not diminish from the
 shining remnant. None greater shall than the shining remnant."
 Psalm 137: 11

Have I the intense love, or awe, or awe
 I improve? I want to know for what I strive
 Each will suffice to glorify the Son,
 And God's eternal righteousness show
 I observe. A voice he said, "Iniquity's love
 Constrains by sinners' powers, when gods are true
 Flame with a burning wings, and strike as power
 How much that loves him? and how little
 Thy heaven I know. His presence shall
 Shall bless the journey onward in his house,
 And no man's eye shall see his face
 God's glory never leaves this world's approach
 Awaits his Grand Account, what words shall we
 The only abode crown'd with the light of his face

"Then he which had received the one talent came and said, Lord, I knew thee that thou art an hard man, reaping where thou hast not sown, and gathering where thou hast not strawed : And I was afraid, and went and hid thy talent in the earth : lo, there thou hast that is thine."—MATT. XXV. 24. 25.

THE hour of retribution soon will come !
 Jehovah's justice, with meridian beams,
 Shall shine, while few attain heaven's halcyon home,
 And myriads perish in their carnal schemes.
 Vain, human reason ev'ry sin t'excuse,
 To plead abatement in its curb'd excess,
 Or, "buried in the earth," alike th' abuse :—
 Each soul shall recognise God's righteousness.
 O sad delusion of backsliding man,
 Who trifles now with conscience and his God !
 Big fraught with mercy, see, redemption's plan
 Waits to withhold from him, th' avenging rod !
 Still he rejects that gracious Providence,
 Content to grovel in the things of time and sense !

“For unto every one that hath shall be given, and he shall have abundance.”—MATT. XXV. 29.

ENCHANTING theme! Pilgrim, uplift thine eye,
 And bow in adoration, fraught with speech
 Unutterable! Emmanuel hears thy sigh,
 Whose truth, and love, and justice sweetly pleach
 His grace t’afford. Thy privileges enjoy:
 And pour the song of gratitude around.
 Be this thy constant ever blest employ—
 Such gospel gifts the prophets would have found,
 But were not able.—Does a conscious breast
 Experience nought of what God loves t’impart?
 Oh! wait in prayer, and soon shall halcyon rest
 Come, like soft music, to the troubled heart.
 “Ask and ye shall receive,” his mercy cries,
 Inviting one and all, from East to Western skies.

But from him that hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."—MATT. XXV. 29.

Does God look down beneath his righteous throne,
 With precious love to fallen, apostate man ;
 And, whilst a monument of grace alone
 He stands, does he embrace redemption's plan ?
 Does gospel light beam forth thro' Albion's isle,
 Flinging its beauties o'er this favor'd land ?
 Mount Calvary reflects, with beauteous smile,
 On him, and points what Jesus does command.
 Oh ! coming hour of vengeance on this earth,
 When God shall judge the barren, fruitless tree !
 Thousands may ridicule the second birth,
 And slight to own the blessed Trinity ;
 But soon shall mercy cease within the tomb,
 And ruthless justice tell th' unchanging doom !

“When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory.”—
MATT. XXV. 31.

YES ! e'en the “man of sorrows” soon shall come !
 Not from a manger, friendless and alone :
 But from Jehovah's empyrean home,
 With uncreated glory, on his throne.
 When in the flesh, how persecution grew :
 While multitudes were loud to crucify !
 Now risen,—what a glorious matchless view !
 Angels innumerable flock on high,
 His retinue !—Oh ! awe-creating thought !
 Then shall the Father stay his proffer'd love !
 The Spirit then withhold those truths it taught !
 The Intercessor shall no longer prove
 There is forgiveness ! Time and death are o'er :—
 And Mercy's soothing voice invite to heav'n no more !

“And before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats. And he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.”—MATT. XXV. 32, 33.

MAJESTIC thought ! crowding the finite mind :
 Before God's dread tribunal, soon shall meet
 Th' assembled world ! Each tongue and tribe combin'd,
 From far and near, shall wait the judgment-seat.
 His piercing eye, swift as the lightning's dart,
 Will strike each conscience, with its lurid glare !
 Omniscient—he will penetrate the heart,
 And prove around, what each has treasur'd there.
 Then shall the goodly Shepherd own his sheep !
 Oh come, “ye blessed of my Father, come !”
 They who have sown in tears, shall henceforth reap
 Sheaves of rejoicing, ne'er from heav'n to roam.
 The separation of the “goats” shall be—
 “Depart ye cursed,” into misery !

“And the King shall answer and say unto them, Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.”—MATT. XXV. 40.

O GRACIOUS declaration ! Christians lead,
 Lead on the labours of denying love !
 Tread in the footsteps of your sov'reign Head ;
 Whose condescension will each deed approve.
 May growing faith inspire your souls with zeal,
 And may you learn to “weep with those that weep.”
 Like Dorcas, sympathize in each appeal,
 Who for her Master, in remembrance deep
 Did what she could ! Whatever be the mite,
 If love constraining gives it to the poor,
 Quickly the act shall reach yon boundless height,
 And enter in at Mercy's blood-spilt door.
 Then at God's coming, thro' his cleansing blood,
 These fruits shall testify your brotherhood !

“ Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.”—MATT. xxv. 45.

'Tis not enough, while sojourning below,
 Our actions with the world should aptly square :
 Whole fields of wheat are faultless in the show,
 Whilst grows within the self-destructive tare.
 'Tis not the sum of life as thousands hope,
 If husband, parent, brother, neighbour, friend,
 We blameless serve ;—Religion gives more scope,
 Boundless as God, whose love can find no end.
 No forged smile is her's, but smile of love :
 No hollow speech, but eloquence divine :
 The outward look she scorns, but would approve
 Herself, by God's unerring judgment line :
 Presaging well the future just decree,
 “ Depart,” your works are false, ye did them not to me.

“ But when his disciples saw it, they had indignation, saying,
To what purpose is this waste ? ”—MATT. xxvi. 8.

DID Judas' indignation stir each heart,
And may professing Christians bear the same ?
Corruption, more or less, will oft impart
A strength to sin, and mar the human frame.
Behold the sweet simplicity of grace,
In which the reverential Mary stands !
Her grateful act, time's hand shall ne'er efface ;
Shall live, where'er the gospel lights the lands.
Faith's precious ointment o'er his lowly head,
The Man Christ Jesus owns with secret joy,
Pilgrims your deepest love on earth outspread,
Whose fragrance shall ascend in each employ.
He will the humble, fervent soul commend,
And prove for ever an unchanging Friend !

“ My soul is exceeding sorrowful, even unto death.”—

MATT. XXVI. 38.

LIKE raging waves, whose swellings mount the sky,
 How tempest-tost Emmanuel's breast within !
 What mortal can express that doleful cry,
 Or, weigh the balance of accursed sin ?
 Behold him, prostrate in Gethsemane ;
 The substitute for fall'n, apostate man ;
 Sweating great drops of blood in agony !
 Ere he accomplishes redemption's plan.
 O love ineffable, divinely wrought,
 From pole to pole chaste heav'n-born Mercy stands !
 Perdition to the soul God willeth not :
 But, unreserv'd obedience commands.
 False is that hope to realize his grace,
 If man seek not corruption's strength t' efface.

“ O my Father, if it be possible, let this cup pass from me : nevertheless not as I will, but as thou wilt.”—MATT. xxvi. 39.

PILGRIM of Jesu's cross, art thou nigh gone,
 Waging within, without, a war with sin ?
 Thy blest Emmanuel speaks ! Did I atone,
 And shalt thou not by faith and patience win
 The glorious fight ? Vicissitudes abound,
 And human life is fraught with ev'ry care :
 What time probation's work creates a wound,
 O prostrate fall, and plead to God in prayer.
 Should troubles darken like th' impending cloud,
 Which threatens devastation if it fall,
 Shrink not :—may wonted duty cry aloud :
 “ Not as I will, but Thou,” my All in All !
 Waiting his time th' unfetter'd soul t' employ,
 In immortality's seraphic, boundless joy !

“And he cometh unto the disciples, and findeth them asleep, and saith unto Peter, What, could ye not watch with me one hour? Watch and pray, that ye enter not into temptation: the spirit indeed is willing, but the flesh is weak.”—MATT. xxvi. 40, 41.

WHAT thousands at life's dawn, appear'd to run
 With glowing zeal, their Master to attend!
 Whilst, ere noonday arrives, their work is done,
 And scarce “one hour” have they, for such a Friend!
 Backsliding Christians! sad is your delay,
 Arouse from this world's adamant sleep!
 No longer halt! return, and watch, and pray,
 Lest her temptations interwoven keep
 Your souls in death! What, tho' you would outlive
 The course of vanity and wickedness;
 And more than worlds could purchase, you would give,
 T' enjoy the blessed Sun of Righteousness;
 Still learn th' experience of an evil heart,
 And He thro' conflicts will his grace impart.

“Then all the disciples forsook him and fled.”—MATT. XXVI. 56.

PILGRIMS of Zion ! raise your standard high,
 The fight of faith no parley will allow ;
 To your great Captain keep a faithful eye,
 And prove to whose allegiance you will bow !
 What tho' your forces are but thin and few ;
 Theirs, strong and countless to the eye of sense :
 Undaunted rally round, be firm,—be true :—
 And marshal in the trust of Providence !
 What if those friends that once profess'd to stand,
 Forsake in persecution's hour, and fly
 From you ; and for awhile, God's cause and hand
 Appear resisted by the enemy ;
 Still urge in faith and pray'r ; and onward lead
 As more than conquerors, thro' salvation's Head.

“ Then began he to curse and to swear, saying, I know not the man. And immediately the cock crew. And Peter remembered the word of Jesus.....And he went out, and wept bitterly.”—
MATT. XXVI. 74, 75.

“ LET him who standeth, take heed lest he fall.”

'Tis sweet to sail upon a summer wave,
Gliding between the rocks, that oft appal :
When threat'ning storms disclose a yawning grave,
Oh, then in vain, our vessel will outride
Each rising billow, raging more and more,
Without a heav'nly Pilot by our side,
To guide the helm towards fair Canaan's shore.
Faith must her trials know. A purer breath
Humility exhales in that dread hour .
More odoriferous is the rose in death ;
Brighter the sign of Promise as the show'r
Thickens ; and lovelier is the snowdrop's tear,
When shed amid the gloom of winter's sable bier.

“ Whether of the twain will ye that I release unto you ? They said, Barabbas.”—MATT. xxvii. 21.

WHAT acclamations these, which rend the sky ?
 Shouting to-day : “ Hosannas ” loud and long !
 To-morrow : “ Let this babbling traitor die ! ”
 Unstable as the waves, that gloomy throng !
 In this enlighten’d era, when God’s face
 Beams with his cov’nant love, on fallen man ;
 How sunk are those in hopeless, deep disgrace,
 Who live neglectful of redemption’s plan !
 Yea, in the mark’d professor’s conscious heart,
 Oft sins intrude ! some innate, grov’ling scheme,
 Some darling lust from which he’s loath to part—
 The shadow for the substance is his dream :
 And, with the multitude, awhile he’s led
 To cry : “ Barabbas,” ’gainst salvation’s Head !

“ And sitting down they watched him there.”—MATT. xxvii, 36.

AT Golgotha, behold the incarnate Son
 Of God, outstretch'd upon th' accursed tree !
 The Roman soldiers, scribes, and priests look on :—
 To sympathize ? nay, e'en his misery
 T' increase ! Beyond the multitude afar,
 Stand many women, and his mother too !
 What pangs, amid this elemental war,
 Arrest their souls, upon the distant view !
 And now within the blue expanse above,
 Angels have wept with tears of grief and joy,
 Watching in silence Jesu's dying love :
 But there was One, whose dark malignant eye
 Scowl'd at the sight from hell, when Jesus died :
 Whilst God in heav'n's abode saw, and was satisfied.

“ Now from the sixth hour there was darkness over all the land unto the ninth hour.” —MATT. xxvii. 45.

PAUSE soul reflective ! contemplate within
 The thousand horrors of that awful hour,
 When darkness rose to show the doom of sin,
 And in the mists of night to hide its pow’r.
 The “ finished ” deed is done—Emmanuel dies !
 When lo ! the morning sun, which cheerful rose,
 Withdraws its beams from off the sacrifice ;
 Hiding, as if reluctant to disclose,
 Ingratitude so foul ! And now around
 A solemn darkness creeps, inspiring awe
 Expressive of God’s wrath, which will redound
 To those, who disobey his written law.
 Awake my soul ! dispel the shades of night,
 And live t’ adore thy uncreated Light !

“And about the ninth hour Jesus cried with a loud voice, saying, Eli, Eli, lama sabacthani? that is to say, My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me?”—MATT. xxvii. 46.

WITH what submission does Emmanuel go,
 Bearing his cross amid th' ungrateful crowd!
 Not he reproaching, whilst the rabble show
 Each visage darkening as the gathering cloud!
 Meek as a lamb, he dies on Calvary's height,
 Wearing upon his brow the crown of thorns!
 What cruel mockeries aggravate the sight,
 While simultaneous burst the jests and scorns!
 And now, expiring on th' accursed tree,
 That doleful cry is heard, “My God, my God,
 Why hast thou in thy wrath forsaken me?”
 Tho' deep that bitter pain! He bears the rod!—
 Oh what the anguish of that helpless soul,
 When lost for ever, given to hell's control!

“ My God, my God, why hast thou forsaken me ? ”—

MATT. XXVII. 46.

DESPONDING pilgrim ! Is thy stricken soul
 Wounded and bleeding, with th' arc-rebel's dart ?
 Bear up, fight on, nor yield to his control,
 Who may attack, but cannot gain the heart.
 Do thoughts intruding on the watchful mind,
 Disturb your wonted and desired repose ?
 What time by faith to heav'n thou art inclin'd,
 How oft corruption's mother seeds disclose,
 Sin, innate sin ! Does God's supernal grace
 Appear as tho' withheld from thee awhile ;
 While not a glimpse of his reviving face
 Canst thou obtain, on whom he lov'd to smile ?
 O droop not ! hear his ever blest decree :
 “ Tho' all forget thee—I remember thee ! ”

“ Jesus, when he had cried again with a loud voice, yielded up the ghost.”—MATT. xxvii. 50.

“ ’Tis finished ! ” awful, sad, momentous hour !
Scarce does Emmanuel die with racking pain,
When lo ! by sovereign and mysterious pow’r,
The temple as indignant bursts in twain !
Rumbling within hell’s panic-struck concave,
The earth convuls’d, quakes with a sudden fear !
The rocks that did resist the kissing wave,
Now burst in sympathy, and drop the tear !
The graves are opened : and the dead awake,
Unable to repose, so deep the shock !
E’en man’s relentless heart begins to shake,
Conscience accused, no longer dares to mock
The Crucified ! acknowledging his rod,
They cry : “ Truly, this was the Son of God ! ”

“ And for fear of him the keepers did shake, and became as dead men.”—MATT. xxviii. 4.

INSPIRING muse ! what angel wings this way,
Softly descending with heav’n’s beauteous glow ?
His visage, like the sun’s effulgent ray,
His raiment spotless as the virgin snow ?
In vain the Roman guard, the seal, the stone,
Quick burst the bars of the sepulchral door !
Aghast, they make retreat ! he’s there alone—
The Sun of Righteousness shall set no more,
Rising with mid-day splendour dazzling bright !
If the stout Roman heart, shrink from within,
Appall’d, confounded, at th’ unwelcome sight ;
O when death, judgment, and the doom begin
To overthrow earth’s puny worlds in fire ;
Who may abide God’s dread, avenging ire ?

“Come, see the place where the Lord lay.”—MATT. xxviii. 6.

AWAKE my soul ! faith's privilege renew !
Intruding things of time and sense, away !
While with a tear of penitence, I view
The tomb, wherein th' Incarnate Saviour lay.
Come Death ! terrific foe to fallen man ;
Come, arm'd with terrors, and thy warnings bring !
I heed thee not ! for thro' redemption's plan,
Salvation's Conqueror hath remov'd thy sting !
Come yawning Grave ! thy gloom funereal show :
Display the mattoc, corse, and greedy worm !
Still shall my soul repose with instinct glow,
And wait his coming, who will then confirm
That He is risen ! welcome thy abode,
Which leads me to my Father and my God !

“ And as they went to tell his disciples, behold, Jesus met them, saying, All hail.”—MATT. xxviii. 9.

“ BRETHREN ” of Jesus ! what angelic voice,
 Thus condescending speaks so sweet and clear,
 Commanding ev’ry zealous heart, rejoice ?
 Th’ uprisen Saviour greets the longing ear !
 My soul rejoice ! Oh weep not for the dead !
 Doff thy funereal weeds, no longer mourn :
 The Crucified, who suffer’d in thy stead,
 Ascends triumphant to his Father’s bourn.
 Shout ! that the spreading winds may catch the sound ;
 And let the winds convey from pole to pole ;
 Till ev’ry tribe and tongue proclaim around
 What He hath done, for fall’n, apostate soul
 Of man. Emmanuel lives ! He waits to save !
 Who once for all hath sanctified the grave.

“Go.....teach all nations.”—MATT. xxviii, 19.

LED by the Spirit's influential power,
 The humble missionary obeys the Word :
 Bereft of friends and home, in that lone hour
 He walks by faith, and hails his sovereign Lord.
 What if, as Abraham he travels on,
 The land unknown—like music on the ear,
 A still small voice uplifts his soul anon,
 Drying the pilgrim's solitary tear.
 Has he forsaken all, to serve the cause
 Of Christ ? What earthly friend so true as his ?
 Does poverty present its hungry jaws ?
 What worldly wealth compare, with heav'nly bliss ?
 Does he reject this life's dear-bought renown ?
 Above, he has a Saviour's purchas'd crown.

“ Baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”—MATT. XXVIII. 19.

AM I baptized ? and do I strive to prove
 Obedience to my Father's just commands ?
 Receive the blessings of the cov'nant love ?
 Mysterious wonder, coming from the hands
 Of triune God ! Am I convinc'd of sin,
 A child of wrath, and hourly prone to fall ?
 And have I faith in pray'r t' arrest and win
 Emmanuel ? precious name ! my All in All !
 Am I the least of those who call him Lord,
 Dead to the world, and in it daily die ?
 And has the Holy Spirit shown the word
 Of truth, unscaling from proud reason's eye
 Its blinded vision ? Trinity divine !
 To thy blest offices my heart incline !

“ Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world.”—

MATT. xxviii. 20.

EMMANUEL ! thy presence can beguile
 The languid soul, in life's sad pilgrimage !
 Thy beams can make the barren desert smile,
 And to thy light the loneliest heart engage.
 When the poor widow unbefriended goes,
 Sad, desolate, as nature's wintry scene,
 How oft some magic power relieves her woes,
 That tells of One who careth, tho' unseen.
 If friends decline, if trying sickness come,
 If self-denial bear th' accepted cross,
 While sharp vicissitudes obstruct that home
 For which faith counts all other things but loss ;
 In life or death, 'Thou art th' abiding same,
 To those who love, adore, and bless thy name.

“ Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God.”—MARK i. 14.

ALBION ! thou favourite of this nether world !
 On whom kind Providence unmeasur'd love
 Bestows : wide may thy pennant be unfurl'd,
 Till heathens bow and heaven's best gift approve.
 Where are thy honor'd martyrs, blest of yore ?
 Has persecution waged in fields of blood,
 Annihilating all ? what thousands more
 Are ready to be offer'd, for the good
 Of human-kind ! Imprisonment may come
 With all its dread forebodings o'er the soul,
 Th' accursed rack or stake deprive each home ;
 Burying God's instruments 'neath its controul.
 Their zealous usefulness he will supply,
 Till time shall dwindle to eternity.

“And in the morning, rising up a great while before day, he went out, and departed into a solitary place, and there prayed.”—
MARK i. 35.

As busy life returns, with anxious care,
 What need at earliest dawn, for man to rise.
 Ere the great fight begins, he should prepare
 To commune with the Ruler of the skies.
 Full well he knows the war unequal here,
 Without, what enemies—within, how strong !
 And nought but living faith can persevere,
 Whilst time does every fresh attack prolong.
 Prayer, watchfulness, and meditation sweet,
 Created by the Spirit's glorious pow'r,
 Now lay the soldier at his Captain's feet,
 Trusting in him at life's eventful hour.
 With David's sling he each Goliath throws,
 And more than conqueror, waits his last repose.

“And when they could not come nigh unto him for the press, they uncovered the roof where he was : and when they had broken it up, they let down the bed wherein the sick of the palsy lay.”—MARK ii. 4.

WHEN vain deluded man possess'd of wealth
 Feeds his base appetite within life's reign ;
 The poison'd chalice having drunk by stealth
 Creates its unknown horrors o'er the brain.
 Now health impair'd, amazement and alarm
 Arrest his course, attendant with despair !
 Eager he tries each drug and wonted charm,
 His body's wasted fabric to repair.
 And e'en his native isle forsakes abroad
 To roam ; should this his fostering hopes secure.
 But the soul—that which must account to God
 When life is o'er, demands no sov'reign cure,
 Jesus afresh hangs on th' accursed tree,
 Whilst man but lives t' increase his agony.

“Jesus.....saith unto them, They that are whole have no need of the physician, but they that are sick : I came not to call the righteous, but sinners to repentance.”—MARK ii. 17.

HAIL blest Physician ! coming from above,
 To heal the sickness which prevails on earth.
 Like the o'erwhelming cataract thy love
 Appears, creating in the second birth
 Fulness of grace and energy divine.
 Draw near, afflicted pilgrim ! cease your fears,
 The Sun of Righteousness on you will shine ;
 Satanic gloom dispel, and stay your tears.
 And ye, who trifle with besetting sin,
 Throwing the firebrand harmless far around ;
 And ye, who must more deeply search within,
 Free from those outward crimes which oft abound ;
 You, you Heaven's great Physician came to call,
 And save your souls from sin's tremendous thrall.

“ And Jesus said unto them, Can the children of the bride-chamber fast, while the bridegroom is with them ? as long as they have the bridegroom with them, they cannot fast ? ”—MARK ii. 19.

'Tis sweet, upon the wings of faith to soar
 Above terrestrial things ! t' expand the soul
 In heavenly converse ; whilst the world's uproar
 Is heard without, resounding like the roll
 Of agitated ocean. Can a child,
 Lull'd by the soothings of a mother's breast,
 The world's turmoil regard ? If reconcil'd
 To God, more envious far that joy and rest
 We feel, when leaning on a Saviour's love.
 What tho' within ourselves we often groan,
 And long to dwell with God in realms above ;
 Yet here the christian need not feel alone.
 Still haste the day when we shall hear and see
 The joys thy people share, my God, with thee.

“ The sabbath was made for man.”—MARK ii. 27.

How sweet upon the breeze, at sabbath-dawn
The chiming peal resounds ! Another day
Returns of sacred rest, and now withdrawn
From weekly cares, we seek the living way
In holy contemplation. Happy hour
To man, when o'er the things of time and sense
Is cast the Spirit's soft constraining pow'r ;
Showing God's love unto himself immense,
Unchanging ! Yes, endearing is the thought
That when death's shadows cloud th' advancing noon,
These dedicated hours in which he wrought
With fear and trembling, in fruition soon
Will end of pleasures that for ever shine :
Where every soul is fill'd with love divine.

“And when his friends heard of it, they went out to lay hold on him : for they said, He is beside himself.”—MARK iii. 21.

READS'T thou the threatenings of Mount Sinai
 Denounc'd to man once perfect form'd and good,
 And dost thou hasten on to Calvary,
 Seeking atonement in a Saviour's blood ?
 What self-denial thine! Look well around,
 And balance oft the scales with wisdom's weight.
 How few, amid earth's busy scenes, are found
 To strive that they may enter at the gate
 Which leadeth unto life ! Does faith and pray'r
 Enable thee to live with constant zeal
 To God ? press on : be thine indeed to share
 That heav'n-born peace which worldlings never feel :
 Entreat the Spirit's aid, fresh courage take,
 And be accounted mad, if so, for Jesu's sake.

“ He is beside himself.”—MARK iii. 21.

MARK the ambitious man ! around his head
Appears the envied wreath which blooms awhile,
But when a tenant with the silent dead,
Soon it will sicken like the flickering smile
Upon the sunlit tomb. Pass on, behold
The covetous ! how poor indeed within :
What good resource to him the specious gold,
When conscience settles with the price of sin !
The worldly mark ! immers'd in things of time,
Thoughtless he dwindles out his little span
Reckless of faith's realities sublime,
The first and greatest prize proposed to man.
And can such live in history's glowing page,
Nor mar the glory of a Christian age ?

“ Whosoever shall do the will of God, the same is my brother,
and my sister, and mother.”—MARK iii. 35.

Who lives unmindful of a brother's care?
Sweet recollection calls to mind those days
Departed, wherein he was wont to share
The smile or tear pervading through the maze
Of life. What heart responds not at the voice
Of sister? Yea, spontaneous was the part
She took, to make a brother's breast rejoice,
And fling a halo round th' unconscious heart.
Whose soul is warm'd not by a mother's love?
Oft does her children's gratitude arise
To cheer her here, and when she soars above,
They long to meet her spirit in the skies.
In such endearing ties Emmanuel stands
To those, who do Jehovah's wise commands.

“ Behold, there went out a sower to sow,”—MARK iv. 3.

BEHOLD the minister of God ! upon
 His brow beams candour, peace, and heavenly love.
 From him earth’s vain enchantments are withdrawn,
 While he through much forbearance strives to prove
 A savour unto life. At home—abroad—
 In every call—he’s willing to declare
 The truth as ’tis in Jesus. Sent by God,
 He sounds the guilty heart with faithful care :
 Mount Sinai’s law so holy, just and good,
 He shows to fallen man ; and to prevent
 Desponding fears, reveals a Saviour’s blood ;
 Which if the lost offender will repent
 Shall cleanse from all his sin. Th’ eternal word
 He sows, and humbly waits its produce from his Lord.

“ And it came to pass, as he sowed, some fell by the way-side, and the fowls of the air came and devoured it up.”—MARK iv. 4.

IMPORTANT is the issue, life or death !
As man Jehovah serves. Amid the throng
Of worship, often with the fleeting breath
The word is lost, but to return ere long
Accountable to God. Promiscuous here,
Fashion, and form, and blinded prejudice,
The worldly, proud, and careless too appear :
Whose hearts, like mountains of unyielding ice,
Resist the sun. The enemy of man
Suggests ‘all’s well :’ Ye shall not surely die :
And stirs the soul against redemption’s plan,
T’ increase his servants for eternity.
Till, self-accursing, they are doom’d to know
The loss of Paradise for Hell below.

“ And some fell on stony ground, where it had not much earth, and immediately it sprang up, because it had no depth of earth. But when the sun was up, it was scorched, and because it had no root it withered away.”—MARK IV. 5, 6.

WHENE’ER faith’s gladdening vistas charm the soul,
 Creating raptures in prospective light ;
 Zeal prompts the spirit reckless of control
 To follow and obtain fair Canaan’s height.
 Fired with Emmanuel’s love, the Spirit’s aid,
 She looks with rapture to the joys to come,
 When Christ’s white robe of righteousness display’d,
 Shall be her passport to a Father’s home.
 But when affliction’s scorching from above
 The needful trial of our faith demands ;
 When persecution near awaits to prove
 Her strict obedience to the laws’ demands ;
 Like autumn-leaves, the summer being o’er,
 She droops beneath the blast t’ appear no more !

“ And some fell among thorns, and the thorns grew up and choked it, and it yielded no fruit.”—MARK iv. 7.

SAD is the contemplation, when appear
 Myriads without, who have a name to live,
 While dead in sin they pass from year to year.
 True as successive seasons come, they give
 The stinted charity : and far around,
 Some effort of the specious soul is seen
 T' acknowledge if in part the Gospel's sound,
 When God and Mammon crowd upon the scene.
 Transient is human life ! Eternity
 How long ! They with the love of riches, pride,
 And darling cares, which with them quickly die,
 Prefer life's shadows, and the substance hide.
 God last they seek, engag'd in things of sense,
 And only live t' abuse his Providence.

“ And other fell on good ground, and did yield fruit that sprang up and increased ; and brought forth, some thirty, and some sixty, and some an hundred.”—MARK iv. 8.

BLESSED be God ! tho' seemingly around,
 The precious seed will bring no good return ;
 Yet in due time there is some fruitful ground,
 A good and honest heart, which soon will learn
 The Gospel truth. Who gives the blest increase,
 Prepares the humble, weak, and contrite child :
 Convinc'd of sin, Jesus is his release,
 The Spirit witnesses him reconcil'd
 To God. What self-denial will he show !
 By growing faith, and prayer, and watchfulness,
 He lives above the things that fade below,
 Seeking God first, thro' trials and distress.
 Th' intrusted talent he delights t' improve,
 And loves, constrain'd by Jesu's dying love.

“ And he arose, and rebuked the wind, and said unto the sea, Peace, be still. And the wind ceased, and there was a great calm.”—MARK iv. 39.

HOLD on your way, ye pilgrims of the cross !
 In this world tribulation ye shall have.
 What time ye suffer and endure all loss
 For Christ, remember, soon the quickening grave
 Will be your resting-place for heaven ! Tho' now
 With seeming dread fresh conflicts outward rise,
 Which Satan of his art would fain allow,
 To cause rebellion and distrustful cries
 From you ; tho' Jesus may appear to sleep,
 And death awaits inevitable ; still
 Watch ye and pray : thro' Him resolve to keep
 Your constancy, and do his Father's will.
 Awhile he's absent thus your faith to try,
 But soon will he return to meet you in the sky.

“ Why are ye so fearful ? how is it that ye have no faith.”—

MARK iv. 40.

AWAY with unbelief ! nor let it dwell
 Pilgrim of Zion, in thy trembling heart.
 Do life's poor bubbles like the ocean swell,
 And would'st thou from earth's bondage glad depart ?
 Retrace the past unto the present hour,
 And ask thyself when infancy was thine,
 What gracious hand, what uncreated power
 Did 'round thy helpless frame his arms entwine ?
 While thousands were train'd up to Mammon's sway,
 And died full ripe, his kingdom to increase ;
 Thou wast preserv'd in that ensnaring day,
 And livest now a monument of grace !
 Thy face shall hail again Emmanuel's light,
 As aspen's silver leaf, before the sun grows bright.

“ My name is Legion.”—MARK V. 9.

BEHOLD th' arch-rebel, with his hellish train,
Walks to and fro amid the ruin'd world !
Like the pierc'd lion lashing with disdain,
Within his reach how every thing is hurl'd !
With many thousands ready at his hand,
He sends a legion to attack one soul.
These gladly execute the stern command,
And who may rescue her from their control ?
Hosannas to Emmanuel ! Prince of peace !
Let earth with heaven loud hallelujahs sing !
He gives each captive soul entire release
Invok'd by her as Prophet, Priest, and King.
Whilst every hour fresh tokens of his love
Appear, to seal that Covenant made above.

“ And they began to pray him to depart out of their coasts.”—

MARK V. 17.

How many Gadarenes e'en now abound !
 Their gross idolatry pervades this land,
 Sweeping adown time's current far around,
 Thousands who bear the mark of Mammon's brand.
 What votaries of pleasure still pursue
 Earth's dazzling scenes that in vexation end !
 Life is their happiness, their all in view—
 Eternity, its joys will not transcend
 Their grovelling schemes. Whene'er distress, alarm
 And fear arise, should interruptions come,
 In vain t' adopt folly's delusive charm,
 Which casts them further from heaven's blessed home :
 Content to live, if living, without God,
 And bow beneath sin's adamant rod !

“And when he was come into the ship, he that had been possessed with the devil prayed him that he might be with him.”—

MARK V. 18.

WHEN man's apostate heart, convinc'd of sin,
 Receives the word of truth with gratitude
 And praise, he longs immediately to win
 Emmanuel's love, the fountain of all good.
 Once abject, wretched, restless, and undone,
 He rav'd in fetters with satanic pain :
 Now by release thro' God's beloved Son,
 “ For him to live is Christ, to die is gain.”
 Once time and sense engaged his inmost soul,
 While he oppos'd Jehovah's holy will :
 Now blest eternity he learns t' extol,
 And at Mount Calvary he takes his fill
 Of uncreated love. He daily dies,
 And lives to be with him in Paradise.

“Daughter, thy faith hath made thee whole ; go in peace, and be whole of thy plague.”—MARK V. 34.

DELIGHTFUL is that cottage to the mind,
 Whose inmates have no greater friend than God !
 His still small voice, upon the whispering wind
 Floats soft as music from heaven's blest abode.
 Tho' penury, and ills, and wan disease
 Consume the body and distress the heart,
 Yet ere the spirit takes her glad release,
 In these afflictions he will grace impart
 Sufficient for the day. In vain around,
 To meet with helpers to partake man's grief ;
 But, One hath suffer'd ! He is sweetly found
 In this emergency t' afford relief :
 And faith in him, beyond the power of sight,
 Secures his blessing in life's darkest night.

“The damsel is not dead, but sleepeth.”—MARK V. 39.

BEDECK'D with favourite flowers, behold the dead.
 The dead ! they live indeed to die no more :
 They 're only gone the victory to lead,
 And hail with ecstacies the unknown shore
 Of bliss eternal. They have placid sleep,
 Light as the gossamer on ambient air,
 Through Israel's Shepherd, whose endearing sheep
 He owns, and sweetly takes them to his care.
 When sullen winter clouds creation's scene,
 We love t' anticipate spring's joyous time :
 Thus, when death's rendings sadly intervene
 Life's happier hours, faith will on wings sublime,
 Expand the soul to heaven's desir'd abode,
 Where soon we meet to strike our harps to God !

“ And whosoever shall not receive you, nor hear you, when ye depart thence, shake off the dust under your feet for a testimony against them.”—MARK vi. 11.

PAUSE contemplative soul ! observe within
 Thy leprosy, deriv'd from Adam's fall :
 Apply the antidote against all sin,
 And hail heaven's blest Physician at his call.
 Lo, at the door he stands and knocks. His word,
 The word that giveth life, and light, and joy
 Receive : and strive in unison, t' accord
 With what demand it has for thy employ.
 Impending judgment waits th' abuse of those,
 Whose unbelief rejects the Spirit's power ;
 What vengeance will that awful day disclose,
 In retribution's dread, terrific hour,
 When Sodom and Gomorrah's fate shall be
 More tolerable than their misery !

“And Jesus, when he came out, saw much people, and was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd.”—MARK vi. 34.

WHEN sickness enervates man's crumbling frame,
 What energy is shown its course to stay :
 Whilst the distemper'd soul is left the same,
 Doom'd to outlive her tenement of clay.
 Yet 'midst this awful state of things below,
 There is a little flock who live above,
 Tho' much t' encounter, onward they will go
 And labour to possess their Shepherd's love.
 What time by faith, and prayer, and loneliness
 They stand, waiting the promis'd means of grace ;
 More than a mother's care will he caress,
 And guide, preserve, and bring them to that place,
 Where in sweet pastures of perennial green,
 Himself shall crown their blest, unchanging scene.

“The woman was a Greek, a Syrophenician by nation ; and she besought him that he would cast forth the devil out of her daughter And when she was come to her house, she found the devil gone out, and her daughter laid upon the bed.”—
MARK vii. 26, 30.

'Tis not the sinless look, nor lordly brow
Will gain pre-eminence before I AM :
Pure and untainted as the driven snow,
Who makes the marriage-supper of the Lamb.
His mercy, truth, and loving-kindness blend
To stay and cheer each lowly child around :
He lives unchang'd the contrite sinner's Friend,
And in the humble soul his gifts abound.
Then come fallen man ! of every tribe and tongue,
Nor heed thy present lot, tho' rich or poor :
Soon shalt thou to his heavenly fold belong,
If thou wilt enter by the blood-spilt door.
Thy Saviour will regard thy every cry,
Nor pass the meanest of his servants by.

“Whosoever therefore shall be ashamed of me, and of my words, in this adulterous and sinful generation ; of him also shall the Son of man be ashamed, when he cometh in the glory of his Father with the holy angels.”—MARK viii. 38.

WHO is asham'd of Jesus? Ask the man
 Who gropes his doubtful way by mortal sight,
 He shuns the brightness of redemption's plan,
 Ashamed to view the Lord of life and light.
 Go to the cold professor of the word,
 Whilst outward acts create the world's applause ;
 He will not own a sin-forgiving Lord,
 Ashamed to seek his blood, or own his cause
 Beyond the straiten'd line. But when the day
 Of retribution comes, and in the sky
 Angelic hosts prepare Messiah's way ;
 How will they bear his glorious Majesty ?
 Then in the agonies of conscious shame,
 They will the rock invoke to hide them from the Lamb.

“Where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”—

MARK IX. 44.

JEHOVAH speaks ! He warns the world of sin,
Which, if pursued, must terminate in hell :
Where piercing self-reflection will begin,
And harrowed conscience find no charm to quell
Its wretchedness : his wrath's avenging fire
Will rage unquenchable. Justice no more
Can be appeas'd, and mercy will expire,
While vast eternity surrounds the shore
Of its domain.—O salutary cross,
Which Jesus condescended first to bear,
All hail ! be mine to count all things but loss,
To follow Christ with grateful love and fear :
Tho' daily trials rend the pilgrim's breast,
Death gives a sweet exchange for heavenly rest.

“Ye know not what ye ask.”—MARK X. 38.

WAS blest Emmanuel in a manger laid,
 Nor walk'd with less humility on earth?
 What thousands far and near may he upbraid
 With pride, who seem within the second birth!
 Tho' he was rich, in poverty he came,
 Hunger and thirst to him were fully known:
 What few attain to prosecute the same,
 Beguil'd with Mammon's envious renown!
 Did persecution make his early grave,
 When Calvary heard his cry: “My God, my God,
 “O why hast thou forsaken me?” To brave
 A mocking world, and kiss the chastening rod
 When duty calls, the heart is prone to shrink,
 More pleas'd to seek for joys around destruction's brink!

“What things soever ye desire, when ye pray, believe that ye receive them, and ye shall have them.”—MARK xi. 24.

REVIVING is the love Jehovah gives
 To those who seek it in Emmanuel's name.
 Whene'er the anxious christian faintly lives,
 His promise cheers us as the kindling flame.
 Full, free, unmerited that precious grace
 Which God provides for us, before we call :
 And while we supplicate heaven's holy place,
 His Spirit answers and removes our thrall.
 What time by faith we view fair Canaan's land,
 The land of promise to the struggling soul ;
 What energy we find to fight, withstand
 Sin's cruel bondage to the world's control :
 Tho' earthly barriers intercept the sight,
 Eternity will dawn with uncreated light.

“ Verily I say unto you, That this poor widow hath cast more in, than all they which have cast into the treasury : For all they did cast in of their abundance ; but she of her want did cast in all that she had, even all her living.”—MARK xii. 43, 44.

PECULIAR is the soil when godliness
 May thrive. Where poverty and silence dwell,
 How oft it blooms within life's wilderness,
 Flinging a fragrance from the humble cell,
 Sweet as the faded rose. The widow here,
 Regardless of the idle world's display,
 Grows rich in grace with reverential fear,
 And loves, adores, unheeded by the way,
 Heaven's Benefactor. Tho' her lot be small,
 Yet she receives it with a thankful heart,
 And freely gives a portion of her all
 To Jesus, who receives with praise her part :
 And soon her gift in public will approve,
 Contrasting it with those devoid of love.

“ Heaven and earth shall pass away : but my words shall not pass away.”—MARK xiii. 31.

CREATION'S works ere long shall be no more.
 Earth's glories which adorn both hill and vale,
 The wonders of old Ocean's troubled shore
 Shall be forgotten, as a pleasing tale
 That soon is told ! Whatever has a breath
 Shall die : yea, every thing that creepeth must
 Obey : and Man, creation's lord, e'en death
 Shall feel returning to his native dust.
 The Sun himself resplendent shall withdraw
 His golden beams : the moon and starry train
 Conceal their modest light, and (nature's law
 Of gravity convuls'd) with age and pain
 The world shall vanish : but in its decay,
 God's everlasting word shall never pass away.

“She hath done what she could.”—MARK XIV. 8.

DEVOTED pilgrim ! labour more to know,
And count Emmanuel as the Pearl of price :
Like grateful Mary may thy bosom glow,
And strive t' appreciate his sacrifice.
Art thou unlearn'd ? Is poverty thy fate,
Unable to befriend the stranger's voice ?
Does persecution swell with ruthless hate
Against thy soul ? Yet, even yet, rejoice !
Th' omniscient God, who rules the heart of man,
Regards thy faithfulness and inmost prayer.
Feed with thanksgiving on redemption's plan,
And make Him night and day your only care :
He condescends to own thy simple part,
And will hereafter bless thy thankful heart.

“And as they did eat, Jesus took bread, and blessed, and brake it, and gave to them, and said, Take, eat, : this is my body. And he took the cup, and when he had given thanks, he gave it to them : and they all drank of it.”—MARK XIV. 22. 23.

HAIL sacred feast of Love ! procured by price
 Which worlds could never offer. Oh how sweet
 This blest memorial of the Sacrifice
 Once made for man, apostate man, unmeet.
 With deep humility and praise, may I
 Ofttimes attend my heavenly Master's board :
 And in my need, my every want supply
 From the rich manna of his faithful word.
 Then lighter will appear the Cross of Life,
 And less effectual Satan's watchful power.
 The cup of tribulation, ever rife,
 Shall taste of mercy in probation's hour :
 And when I journey in Death's darksome glade,
 The Everlasting Arms shall bear me through the shade.

“And they bring him unto the place Golgotha, which is, being interpreted, The place of a skull.”—MARK XV. 22.

Is this Emmanuel, God's beloved Son,
 Bearing his cross mid persecution's rage ?
 Pilgrim reflect what sin indeed hath done !
 What costly remedy is due t' assuage
 Offend ed justice ! Follow him with pain
 To Golgotha : behold him on the tree,
 Whose dying love is thy eternal gain !
 Yes, Jesus weeps, and bleeds, and dies for thee !
 Here may thy spirit from the world retire,
 Looking on him whom thou hast pierc'd afresh :
 And here each sinful passion bid expire,
 Making no longer merit in the flesh.
 Here shalt thou glory in that Lamb of God,
 Who hath redeemed his people by his blood.

“So then after the Lord had spoken unto them, he was received up into heaven, and sat on the right hand of God.”—MARK xvi. 19.

DISPLAY thy brightest splendour, radiant sun !
 And in thy Maker's triumphs bear thy part.
 Jesus hath conquer'd ! yea, his work is done,
 And now ascends the gifts of heaven t' impart.
 Creation, hail this glad, victorious hour,
 And smile a welcome on the glorious sight.
 Ye seas and winds, that rage with unknown power,
 Blend softest melody with strange delight.
 And thou redeemed captive, fallen Man !
 With praise ineffable approach that throne,
 Where Mercy centres in redemption's plan ;
 And claims the humble penitent her own :
 Prostrate lift up thy grateful soul above,
 And bless the Source of uncreated love.

